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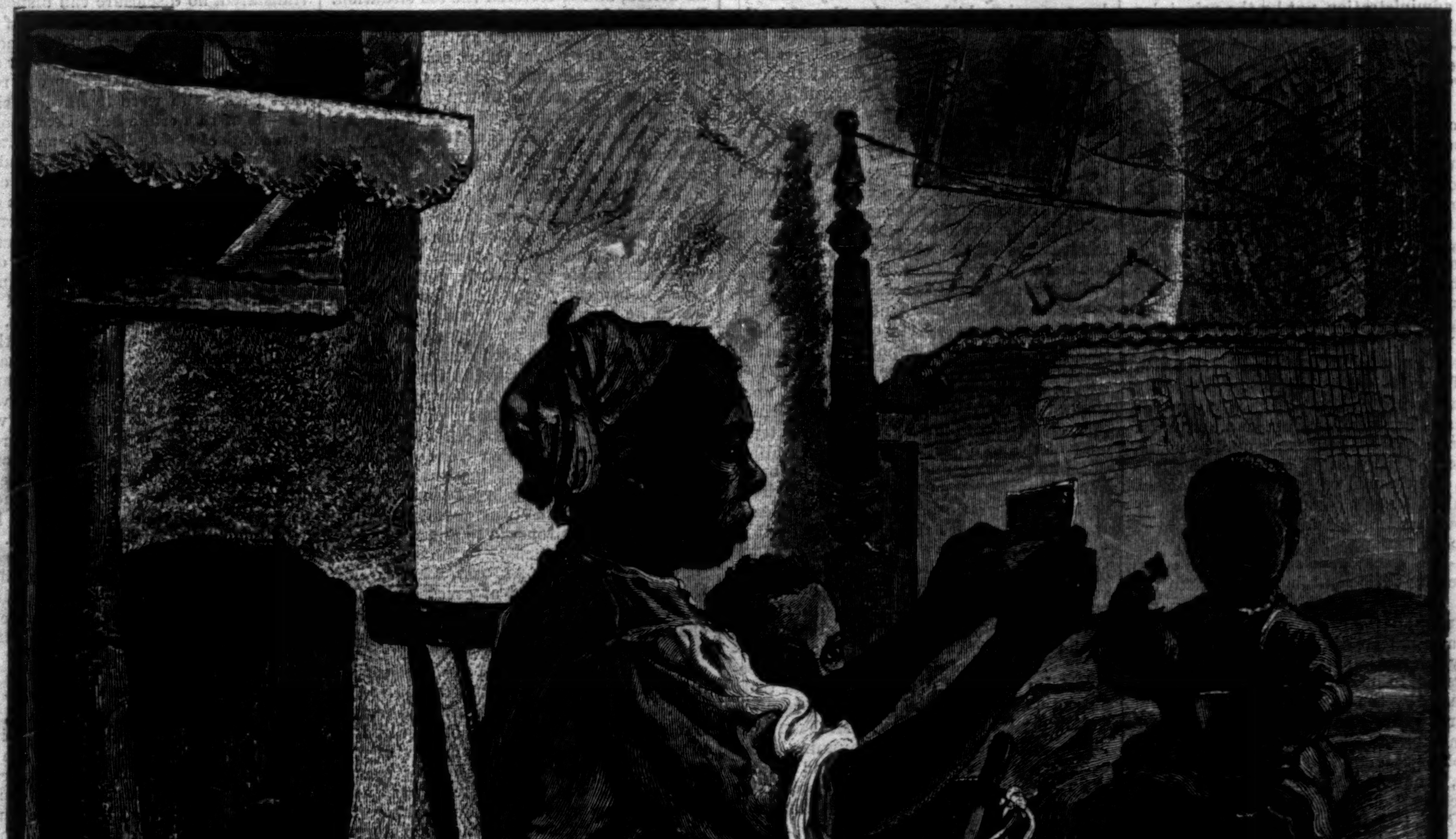


A LETTER FROM DE OLE MAN.—[Drawn by S. C. M'Cutcheon.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a spirited double-page engraving, entitled "Deer-stalking in the Scottish Highlands," and other attractions.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

PARTY RESPONSIBILITY.

IN an interesting conversation with ex-Secretary FISH, reported in the *Tribune*, Mr. FISH, speaking of Mr. MARCY, his predecessor both as Governor of New York and as Secretary of State, said, "MARCY believed that in party responsibility lay the strength of administration." It is this sense of party responsibility—the consciousness that in a popular government a party must be judged by its administration, not by the principles, or wishes, or purposes of some of its members—which produces the conflict in parties between the "reform" element and the "machine" to maintain the ascendency of the party. The machine relies wholly upon the force of organization, the ability of aiding personal ambition and greed, the whole range of mean and sordid motives, which are unquestionably very powerful. The reform tendency counts upon intelligence and public spirit and the desire of progress. This last is, of course, most faithful to the principle of republican institutions. It holds that the people are sagacious enough to understand what is best for their own common interests, and to secure their own advancement. The other trusts to the force of party spirit, irrespective of purposes or methods. Its argument is that, however rascally the party action may be, it is a smaller evil than the ascendency of the other party. This, indeed, is sometimes a sound practical argument. If an army is just going into battle, and there is no first-rate commander, the only choice is among inferiors. So, if the government must fall under the control of one of two parties, practical men will prefer that one which seems to them less threatening to the public welfare than the other. But the reform element in a party constantly strives to prevent this disheartening alternative, while the machine as constantly relies upon it. The aim of the reformers is to make the party positively preferable by the wisdom of its policy and the purity of its administration; the aim of the machine is to keep the party in power by hook or by crook. The reformers are, of course, denounced by the machine as impracticable fools, and they are generally a minority. But they hold the balance of power, and it is they who in the long-run determine the party success, although, of course, not in every election nor upon every occasion. They are regarded by the machine as mischief-makers and disturbers of harmony, but it is they who make the party worth supporting for public ends, and they are naturally reviled as self-righteous by those who seek to make the party serve their private purposes. In a government conducted by parties, he would seem to be the best party man who strives to secure general respect and confidence for his party.

These reflections have undoubtedly occurred to a great many Republicans as they have contemplated the recent elections of Senators of the United States. Messrs. LOGAN, CARPENTER, and CONKLING have been chosen, and a report has been published that Mr. CHANDLER would be elected in Michigan if Mr. CHRISTIANCY should resign. These gentlemen composed in part what we had occasion once to describe as the Senatorial group under whose control the interests of the Republican party were seriously endangered. Their return to the Senate is regarded in many quarters as evidence of a resistless reaction, and of the hopelessness of reform and progress under Republican auspices. It is supposed to foreshow the renewed power of certain old rings and abuses which made the Republican name so distasteful to the country that it barely saved the last election, after its enormous majority of four years before. The organs of the machine do not conceal their delight at what they declare to be this tremendous rebuke of the reformers, canters, and unco guid of the party, and especially of the Administration, which the machine and its runners and bummers of high and low degree very naturally detest. Meanwhile it is well for all concerned to remember, that under the triumphant sway of the general policy represented by the group, the Republican party was brought into sore straits, and that a vital and controlling consideration in the election of 1876 was the belief that in case of Republican success the Administration would not be under the influences which the group represented. As against an unchanged front of the Republican party, it is very possible that the cry of reform might have elected Mr. TILDEN; but the nomination of Mr. HAYES was the earnest of a change, and this none the less because the New York supporters of Mr. CONKLING, when they left him, voted, with but seven or eight exceptions, for Mr. HAYES. That vote did not mean friendship for HAYES, but hostility to BLAINE. The machine in New York took its cue from Mr. CONKLING'S speech in the canvass, whose studied omission of the candidate's name was a sign of the deep and instinctive dislike which has since been constantly and bitterly shown by him. The evident want of sympathy with the candidate which Mr. CONKLING'S speech evinced doubtless won a great many votes for Mr. HAYES which otherwise would have been cast for Mr. TILDEN. The nomination of Mr. HAYES was a change of front, and it was the significance of that change which determined the result.

It will be asked, then, whether, under the doctrine of party responsibility that we have mentioned, the reaction shown by the Senatorial elections does not prove that the party has returned to its old position, which had gone so near to forfeit the confidence of the country. It is a fair question, and the reply is, that were the situation the same, the defeat of the Republican party would be very possible. But the situation is very different. The financial debate of the last two years, the revelation of the fraudulent Democratic conspiracy to buy the Presidency for Mr. TILDEN, the suppression of the colored vote in many Southern districts, the rapidly growing apprehension of Southern war claims, the resumption of specie payments, and the reviving hopes and prospects of business, have radically changed the political situation. So far as now appears, the question of 1880 will be the simple alternative whether, upon the whole, considering the history, principles, character, following, spirit, and tendency of the two parties, the public welfare in all its branches and aspects will probably be more surely promoted by the Republican or the Democratic party. It may be said that this is always the question. So it is, but it is always answered according to the situation. In 1876 the feeling was such that Republican defeat would have been very easy. It is now such that Republican defeat will be very difficult. One great reason of the change is the spotless personal character of the Administration, its total freedom from scandals of every kind, its truly patriotic spirit, and the success of resumption under its management. Mr. FISH compares the Administration to MONROE'S, whose eight years, he says, "were regarded as rather flat." But flatness is certainly preferable to some flavors, and the Administration of MONROE has enviable distinctions. Among them, as his Secretary of State, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, said in his eloquent summary, speaking of the country, was that of "soothing her dissensions and conciliating her acerbities at home." The Republican party will naturally be judged by the men whom it honors and the measures that it proposes, and so will the Democratic. To admit that the Republican party is reactionary at certain points is not to prove the Democratic party to be worthier of confidence. But Republicans who resist reaction, and whose constant aim is not to glorify the party, but to raise its standard higher, are the truest friends of their party. It is a purpose which may be embarrassed, but which can never be baffled, nor ought any Republican to be discouraged as a Republican until he sees—as he can not see now—that the probabilities of real progress and reform have left his party, when, of course, he will follow them, as the Whig and Democratic free-soilers did thirty years ago.

A NEW PRECEDENT IN THE SENATE.

THE proceedings in the Senate regarding the nominations to the chief offices in the New York Custom-house involve a very marked change in the traditions and practices of that body. The received theory hitherto has been that the President, as the head of the executive department of the government, charged with the general responsibility of administration, and constitutionally empowered to nominate subordinate officers, by the act of nomination indicates such appointments and changes in the executive service as in his judgment the public welfare requires. The Senate, under the same tradition, receives the nomination as made upon the official responsibility of the President, and confirms it, unless there are personal objections. This has been the practice, upon the ground that the President, who is responsible for the administration of the laws, should be allowed to select agents who are satisfactory to him. It is assumed that his action will be reasonable and not arbitrary, and that when he proposes a change it will be upon public and not upon personal or irrelevant grounds. In the administration of ANDREW JOHNSON, when Congress believed that he meant to misuse the power of removal, the Tenure-of-office Law was passed, which required the President to state the reasons of his action, and if the reasons were not satisfactory to the Senate, the removal did not take place. When General GRANT was inaugurated, the law was modified so that the President was not required to state the reasons for the changes that he proposed. This was the rule under General GRANT'S administration. He made peremptory removals by nominating new men in place of those whose terms had not expired, and against whose personal or official character no charge was or could be brought. And upon all such occasions he had no more faithful supporter than Mr. CONKLING.

When the Senate voted to modify the Tenure-of-office Law, it decided that the Executive was not bound to allege reasons for its action, and it restored the old situation. But when Mr. ROOSEVELT was nominated for the Collectorship of New York, and Mr. PRINCE for the Naval Office, Mr. CONKLING took the ground that there was no reason for a change, that Mr. ARTHUR and Mr. CORNELL were honest men and efficient officers; and it was understood that if he were not protected in his right of controlling the chief patronage in his State, every Senator's right of the same kind was in danger. With the utmost inconsistency, this Senator, who had voted for the most causeless removals, without the least reason alleged, when they were serviceable to his own political purposes, vehemently opposed other removals which he thought would not promote his own political purposes, because, as he asserted, there were no good reasons. When, for instance, it was desirable for the interest of what is known as the "CONKLING machine" to put Mr. FISKE, who was not useful to that institution, out of the Marshalate, and to put Mr. PAYN, one of the most efficient agents of that institution, in his place, Mr. CONKLING asked for no reasons, but acquiesced with entire docility. When, however, it was proposed to put Mr. ROOSEVELT, who did not belong to the institution, in the place of Mr. ARTHUR, who did, Mr. CONKLING warmly and at great length argued that there were no reasons for the change. Anticipating this argument in the case of the nomination of Messrs. MERRITT and BURT, the Secretary of the Treasury, by direction of the President, transmitted to the Senate a statement of reasons for the Executive action. It was not required by law nor by custom. It was an act of pure courtesy. But the submission of reasons seemed to invite the Senate to pass upon their adequacy. Instead of taking the ground that Mr. ARTHUR and Mr. CORNELL were suspended for causes of which the Executive, upon its responsibility, was the judge, the submission of reasons referred the question of their sufficiency to the Senate. That tribunal unfortunately would not decide upon the simple issue, but the decision would be complicated by the feeling respecting the power of each Senator over the patronage in his State. Nevertheless, in acting upon the ground that the reasons alleged were or were not satisfactory, the majority of the Senate departed from the recognized usage of sustaining the initiative of the President, except for personal objections. Or as one of the highest authorities expresses it: "If the new nominee is not open to personal objection, it is not expected that the Senate will inquire into the propriety of dropping the incumbent."

It is, as we have often said, one of the oldest constitutional questions whether the Senate as a part of the appointing power must not be consulted in removals. This was the question upon which the debate on the Tenure-of-office Law turned, and there are great authorities upon both sides. Practice, however, had settled that an Administration majority in the Senate would acquiesce in a removal effected by a new nomination, with the general exception mentioned. The action upon the New York nominations, however, has reversed this practice. Under the precedent established in the debate upon Mr. ROOSEVELT'S nomination, and in the more recent proceedings, a Senator of the dominant party may oppose the confirmation of a nomination of its President, effecting a removal, upon the ground that he knows no satisfactory reason for a change. This is renewing the substance of that part of the Tenure-of-office Law which was repealed, and if not requiring the President to give reasons, it assumes that without express and valid reasons the Senate will not acquiesce in the removal. This is a serious change. But there is something more. In the case of the New York officers the President has courteously stated the reasons, which are satisfactory to him. Thereupon Mr. CONKLING virtually replies that the President is insincere, that the reasons alleged are merely pretenses, and that the real reason is the President's hostility to him. He asks, therefore, that he, and not the President, may be allowed to exercise the executive functions of appointment and removal in the State of New York. This also is worth consideration. What one Senator may do, every Senator may do. Whenever an official change in a State may be proposed, the Senator from the State may say that the President's pretended reasons are nothing but personal hostility to the Senator. All these proceedings tend to show the country more plainly that this is becoming a government not so much of the people as of the office-holders.

THE CIPHERS.

THE cipher investigation may disclose many things that are now unsuspected, but unless the telegrams published in the *Tribune* are shown either to be fictitious or mistranslated, no disclosure can dispose of the fact that the confidential agents of Mr. TILDEN were engaged in a plot to impose upon the country a President by bribery and corruption. One other fact also will remain—that those who were to have received the benefit of this crime have been most vociferous in denouncing Republican "fraud" and a "fraudulent Administration," and proposing to appeal to the country to elect Mr. TILDEN in 1880 because he had been defrauded of the office in 1876. Mr. HEWITT, in his speech upon authorizing the investigation, insisted that whatever the quality or degree of the offense, if any had been committed, it was wholly a personal affair, and did not implicate the Democratic party, because none of the official authorities of the party were concerned. He also stated that he was authorized to say that the persons apparently involved had no consultation whatever with Mr. TILDEN. He argued that when the negotiation reached the point where money was required, it failed because money was not supplied, and he asked whether it was not clear that if Mr. TILDEN had known and favored the conspiracy, he would have allowed it to fail for want of money. But if we remember correctly, money was advanced in the Oregon transaction; and if, as Mr. HEWITT supposes, Mr. TILDEN "indignantly stamped" upon the plot, why did he not discard the plotters? It will not be enough to satisfy the feeling of the country to show that Mr. TILDEN did not know the plot; it will be necessary also to show that he did not take care not to know it. And when he is thoroughly cleared of all complicity, what is to be done with the fact that the conspirators, if not the official authorities of the Democratic party, were the intimate and trusted agents of the Democratic candidate? It is true that any body may suddenly prove to be weak and false. But if the most confidential agents of a shrewd politician playing for the highest possible stake should turn out to be knaves, would it not be very remarkable, as well as very unfortunate? and would not his reputation, either for honesty or for sagacity, be in sore peril?

One thing in Mr. HEWITT'S speech is surprising. The crime of deciding a Presidential election by bribery is one of the most monstrous and perilous possible. It is only necessary to suppose that the plot had succeeded, and that these telegrams had been deciphered and published a year or two afterward, to perceive in what an exceedingly critical situation the country would have been. Yet Mr. HEWITT describes the attempt to commit this crime as "the mistaken zeal of some of his indiscreet friends to secure his just rights by wrong methods." This is remarkable language. By "just rights" we understand Mr. HEWITT to mean Mr. TILDEN'S claim to the Presidency. But can "just rights" in an election be secured by violence, terror, and bulldozing? Has a man a "just right" to an office to which his only claim is derived from the forcible suppression of the vote? Mr. HEWITT speaks of "the frauds by which the votes of Florida and Louisiana were wrongly counted for HAYES." But he says nothing of the wrongs by which the vote was suppressed, to correct which the Returning Board was empowered to reject returns. The assumption of his remarks is that the State vote in question was fairly and properly cast, and then unfairly and improperly rejected. The facts do not warrant such an assumption. If they did, the Electoral Bill never would have been adopted. Mr. HEWITT favored it. So did we. It was a great triumph of patriotism? Why? Because it was impossible to decide just where the right and the wrong of the question lay, and because in that situation it was wisest and fairest to agree upon a tribunal which should decide. To say that it decided wrongfully, and against Mr. TILDEN'S "just rights," is to reopen the whole question, and to invite the rejoinder that the Electoral Bill was passed by the Democrats as a scheme of law to deprive Mr. Hayes of his "just rights," which Democratic violence had not yet succeeded in doing.

Bandying accusations and hard words about the election of 1876 is now useless. If any Democrat thinks that the cry of fraud, in the face of all the facts now known and of the cipher dispatches, has persuaded the country that Republicans are politically less scrupulous than Democrats, we think that he is very much mistaken. If the cipher investigation should reveal that Mr. W. E. Chandler did precisely what Mr. Marble did—and nothing of the kind has been revealed—the disclosure would not help the Democratic side. The strength of that side in 1876 was the illusion that it was really purer than the Republican. It is now shown—judging parties by party agents, official or individual—that Democrats were very much more corrupt than Republicans. But even if the game were quits, the Democrats would have lost. Let us hope that we shall have some other issue in 1880 than that of the greater or less fraud and corruption of the two parties.

A SOUND ARGUMENT.

The report of the four members of the joint committee who are in favor of transferring the management of Indian affairs to the War Department says that it is but just to the Secretary of the Interior and the head of the Indian Bureau to state that they "are making an honest effort to purify and elevate our Indian management," and the members hope the effort may be successful "as far as the system itself will allow." They do not see, however, with the present methods of keeping accounts with the agents, who "are appointed generally as partisans," and with whom the sole reliance is upon honor, how fraud and peculation are to be avoided. With army officers, however, the price of treachery would be "everlasting disgrace." The argument of this report, however—and it is for this that we now allude to it—is strong only in so far as it arraigns the present system of the civil service. We have often pointed out the value of *esprit du corps* in any service. The civil service of the United States is certainly quite as honorable as the military or naval service, yet it is notoriously not as much a matter of pride to be an "office-holder" in the first as in either of the last two. The reason of this fact is worth considering. In recent reports upon the Bureau of Engraving, of the Life-saving Service, and now upon the Indian management, evils and abuses are traced directly to the system of appointment by mere political patronage.

Some remarks in this report upon the transfer of the Indian control to the War Department are very suggestive:

> "We are asked the very pertinent question whether or not the same abuses and frauds would be practiced if the management should be transferred to the War Department. We think not, for a few and very plain and obvious reasons, to wit: Whatever else may be said of our army officers, they are, as a class, men of high honor and strict integrity. Their training has impressed these high qualities upon them, and their associations require their constant observance. Every officer in the army is a check upon every other officer; and such is the system of accountability in the army that it is nearly if not quite impossible for an officer to act dishonestly without being detected; and upon being detected, punishment follows swiftly and surely. Allowing that these officers are very much as other men are, no better, no worse, as a class (and certainly we do not claim for them any natural superiority in this regard over other men), still an army officer holds his commission for life or during good behavior. Upon this he depends for his living. It is his meat and drink. If, therefore, he had no higher incentive to act honestly, these are powerful reasons constantly reminding him that 'honesty is the best policy.' With the civil agents this is not the case. They are appointed generally as partisans and for a limited time, subject at any time to removal, and are paid small salaries, and can only hope to hold the position for a few years at most, and hence they have not the same inducements to act honestly and fairly that an army officer has. We do not undertake to say that the War Department is so perfect in its management that abuses do not occur in its administration also; but we think it compares favorably with any other department, and that fewer instances of dishonest practices have been laid to its charge than to almost any other branch of the public service."

Here is one of the strong arguments for a reasonable reform of the civil service put in a very clear and trenchant manner. It is simply common-sense. Nobody can allege any good reason why the argument is not as applicable to other branches of the civil service as to that of Indian affairs. Does any body seriously doubt that if the self-respect of the members of the civil service were fostered and stimulated as it is in the military and naval service, and if it were a rule that the tenure of place and promotion and increased salary depended upon honesty and efficient service, and not upon the favor of a superior or the whim or influence of a politician, the character of the service would be improved, and its good results to the Treasury immensely increased? The lieutenant in the army and the inspector of customs and the midshipman are essentially the same men, and the motives and feelings which affect them are the same. If the army officer is under less temptation to be dishonest because the tenure of his place does not force him to make hay while the sun shines, is it any less true of his fellow-officer in the other great branch of the public service?

The statement of the committee that fewer instances of dishonest practices have been laid to the charge of the War Department than to almost any other branch of the public service is one that has been often made, and which is believed to be true. The reasons are care in the selection of officers, an honorable tenure, and a reasonable system of promotion. These are sound principles of any service, and have been fully vindicated by experience in this country and in other countries. A department or bureau is notably efficient in the degree that it is managed upon these principles. They have been largely adopted by Mr. James in his management of the New York Post-office. The superiority of his system has distinguished him among all the chiefs of important offices, and his system is in general, and under the friction of adverse circumstances, the system of a sound service. We do not say that partisan and political influences are powerless in the office, but they are strictly circumscribed, and the result is that one of the most important public offices in the country, famous for its efficiency and satisfactory management, is conducted upon principles which the reform of the civil service seeks to make general, yet which are pronounced utterly impracticable. The report that we are considering advocates the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department upon the ground that the system of the civil service does not promote honesty and economy, while the system of the military service does. It is a very significant declaration. It was doubtless General Grant's experience in the army of the advantage of this sensible system which first turned his mind to a reform of the civil service. He could see the folly and the danger of the descent upon the offices which follows a change of Administration, and the outrage of wanton and arbitrary removal, but he declined the inevitable contest with Congress. The argument which this report applies in one bureau, the intelligence of the country will presently apply to the whole service.

"AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE."

The readers of *Daisy Miller*, by Henry James, Jun.—which Lord Beaconsfield might call an exquisitely carved portrait upon a gem—will see in *An International Episode*, which is just published in the same form of the "Half-hour Series," that the author's Americanism is as just as it is subtle. Perhaps Mr. James is the American bred and living in Europe who has the best right to say, "I can be a better American here than at home." Certainly no author peruses the life and character of American society with more delicate insight, and Mr. James and Mr. Howells both show that fine analysis and that perfect appreciation of the distinctive charm in the American woman which have been hitherto not often perceptible in our literature.

It is not fair in those who have read a story to "tell," and mar the pleasure of those who are yet to read. A good tale is a work of art, and the author or artist has a right to require that its impression shall be produced as he desires. The development grows naturally out of the characters, and unless the characters are seen in the lights and shadows that the author designs for his effects, his work may be easily misjudged. Thus a reader of *Daisy Miller* who had been told of it in advance might be very readily in such a mental mood of protest or doubt as to be defrauded of the true effect that would be produced by reading the story with all its detailed modifications and adjustments and discriminations. The fidelity and pathos of that picture reveal the conscience and the touch of a fine literary artist. He teaches us in the sphere of the story a better knowledge than we knew we had; and this refined and apparently fastidious observer stays our impatient exclamation that such a girl is a nuisance and a disgrace by showing us an unsuspected depth of womanly sincerity.

The same felicitous and trained hand has drawn in *An International Episode* other characters, but with the same vigor and reality. The little tale brings more forces into play, and, however unexpectedly, vindicates the sagacity of the author's observation. There seems often to be a kind of external necessity, so to speak, in what are called stories of society, which compels certain situations and relations to end in certain fixed and traditional ways. But the talent of Mr. James is too genuine and his instinct of art too true to permit any yielding to this pressure. We shall not say a word to reveal the nature of the new tale nor to describe its characters, but we may truly say that it is a most admirable piece of work of its kind, and when our readers have read it, they will understand what we mean if we add, a most gratifying piece of work. Of its charm of airy and penetrating humor and its healthy tone—for even a cameo may be full of character—they will be sure who are already familiar with Mr. James's writings.

THE NEW POSTAL BILL.

Legislation upon the postal service can be very much facilitated by the suggestions of those who have large interests involved in an equitable and simple system, and there is now a bill before Congress which has had the advantage of the most careful consideration of boards of trade, business men, publishers of periodicals and newspapers, officers of the Post-office Department, and of the Postmaster-General, who, in his report for 1877, approves and recommends it. This bill has been unanimously approved, also, by the Senate Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads, and has been reported favorably by the House Committee; and its passage would remove many vexations and absurdities in the existing laws.

The *Evening Post* recently pointed out one of the many defects of the present law. It costs more than two dollars more a year to send a copy of the *Post* to Twenty-third Street than it costs to send it to San Francisco, and it requires two hundred and forty dollars to pay the postage on every thousand copies of a magazine of a certain weight delivered to subscribers in the city, while it costs only fifty dollars to pay the postage on the same number sent to Cincinnati, Chicago, or Sacramento. This is an illustration of the kind of inconsistency and injustice which the proposed law remedies. A very important provision is that of registration of regular periodical publications of every kind, daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, to be forwarded at equable rates; and there are other provisions for deciding precisely between the different classes of mail matter.

Indeed, the bill as it was prepared by the United States Postal Conference was the result of the best knowledge and the widest experience upon the subject in the country, and ought to become a law with no other changes than such as may appear to be desirable in order to secure more perfectly the intention of the bill. It is a plain, practicable measure, which, having been carefully matured by the most various experience, can hardly be improved by the suggestions, however plausible and well meant, of those who are not as familiar with the subject. If any member of Congress should object that the time is short, he may profitably reflect that the bill as it stands is not a hurried result, but a most deliberate conclusion.

PERSONAL.

General Robert Toombs was interviewed a few days since in Georgia by the editor of the Atlanta *Independent*, to whom he said that in all his elections to the United States Senate and House of Representatives he never paid a dollar excepting for personal expenses. He had an income of $40,000 a year, and entertained Democrats and Whigs alike at home, and when travelling on political campaigns would stop with Democrats and Whigs alike. The general is very popular in Georgia, and, it is said, could easily be elected Governor, but he says he would not take the office if elected unanimously.

—Senator Platt, of Connecticut, and Governor Hoyt, of Pennsylvania, who have just blossomed into full public life, were in early life toilers, like most of our successful men. Thirty years ago Senator Platt was principal of an academy in Pennsylvania, and his predecessor in the same position was Henry M. Hoyt. On the same day that Mr. Hoyt was inaugurated Governor of Pennsylvania, Mr. Platt was elected United States Senator from Connecticut. Governor Hoyt is said to be a very genial gentleman, with a personal magnetism that wins the regard of all who approach him.

—Mr. J. D. Walker, the newly elected United States Senator from Arkansas, is a lawyer, about forty-five years old, and stands well in his State. He has been Circuit Judge and Solicitor-General of the State. During the war he commanded a Confederate regiment.

—It is stated in a Western paper that before leaving Washington President Hayes asked General Grant if he had any requests to make. The latter replied he had only two—that his wife's brother-in-law, Mr. M. J. Cramer, minister to Denmark, and General Badeau, United States consul at London, might not be disturbed. The President replied that they would not be, and they have not been, disturbed.

—Bishop Howe, of Reading, Pennsylvania, has placed on record in Lebanon a deed for the Swatara Institute and three tracts of land in Johnstown, Lebanon County. The price paid to the former owner, ex-Senator Heilman, was $10,500. The Swatara Institute will hereafter be conducted as an Episcopal educational institution, under the care of the diocese of Central Pennsylvania.

—Mr. Bergh had a valuable co-worker in the late Dr. Fraser, of Hampstead, England, who had made a bequest in his will leaving the large sum of $50,000 to the Senatus Academicus of Edinburgh, for founding bursaries, etc., for medical students at the university. "But," runs his will, "having learned that the horrible and atrocious practice prevails there of performing unspeakably cruel operations and experiments on living animals, I now, by my will, cancel the bequest, and desire to benefit the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to a similar extent, since I can not reconcile it with my feelings to encourage, however remotely, the practice of vivisection."

—General Grant had a curious time in Dublin. The corporation dined him with true Irish hospitality; but dining is something of which the warrior has seen every possible phase, from corned beef and commissary whiskey to the tables of the pampered occupants of worm-eaten thrones. Then the ancient manuscripts in Trinity College were displayed for him, to which he is said to have paid "no more attention than if they were a row of old boots in a pantry." One thing only seemed to awaken his interest. In the Royal Irish Academy there is preserved Wolfe's original manuscript of the "Burial of Sir John Moore," and the General stopped short before it and read it deliberately from beginning to end.

—Hon. Hamilton Fish has given to a writer in the *Tribune* four columns of pleasant talk on things social and personal, the latter chiefly on public men with whom he was brought in contact during his public career. It may not be known to persons living out of New York that Mr. Fish's house in Second Avenue is a very spacious one, standing in the midst of pleasant grounds. The writer of this paragraph has heard Mr. Fish say that in his youth he had gone hunting on the very grounds on which the house stands, then as woody and wild as huntsman could wish. "I am living now," said Mr. Fish to the *Tribune* representative, "on ground for which I have no deed. It has been in the possession of my family for 230 years. Originally it was Governor Stuyvesant's bowery, or farm. I acquired it through Petrus Stuyvesant the second, by my uncle.... My grandfather and my father were both born in Liberty Street, at the point where Maiden Lane intersects it." At the breaking out of the Revolutionary war Mr. Fish's father and Alexander Hamilton (after whom Hamilton Fish was named), Robert Troup and others, held debates as young men in Columbia College on the state of the colonies. Mr. Fish's father was a brigade major early in the war, and came out a colonel. Mr. Fish's reminiscences of his career, when in the House of Representatives, Governor of New York, United States Senator, and Secretary of State, are quite interesting.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: On the 26th ult. the President signed the Pension Arrearage Bill.—On the 27th, the Senate Committee on Commerce reported in favor of rejecting the nominations of General Merritt and Mr. Burt. The Senate passed a bill for the abolishment of the volunteer navy. General James Shields, the newly elected Senator from Missouri, was sworn in, and took his seat. The House, by a vote of 212 to 22, rejected Mr. Wright's bill proposing to lend $500 to every one who should settle in the West under the Homestead Act.—On the 28th, the Senate rejected the bill for the payment of Warren Mitchell's war claim by a vote of 17 to 30. In the House, the Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Appropriation Bill, amounting to $15,155,565 61, was reported, and the bill restricting Chinese immigration was amended, and passed by a vote of 155 to 72.—On the 29th, the Post-office Appropriation Bill was reported in the House.—The House, on the 30th, passed the Post-office Appropriation Bill.

J. D. Walker was elected, on the 25th ult., by the Legislature of his State, United States Senator from Arkansas.

FOREIGN NEWS.

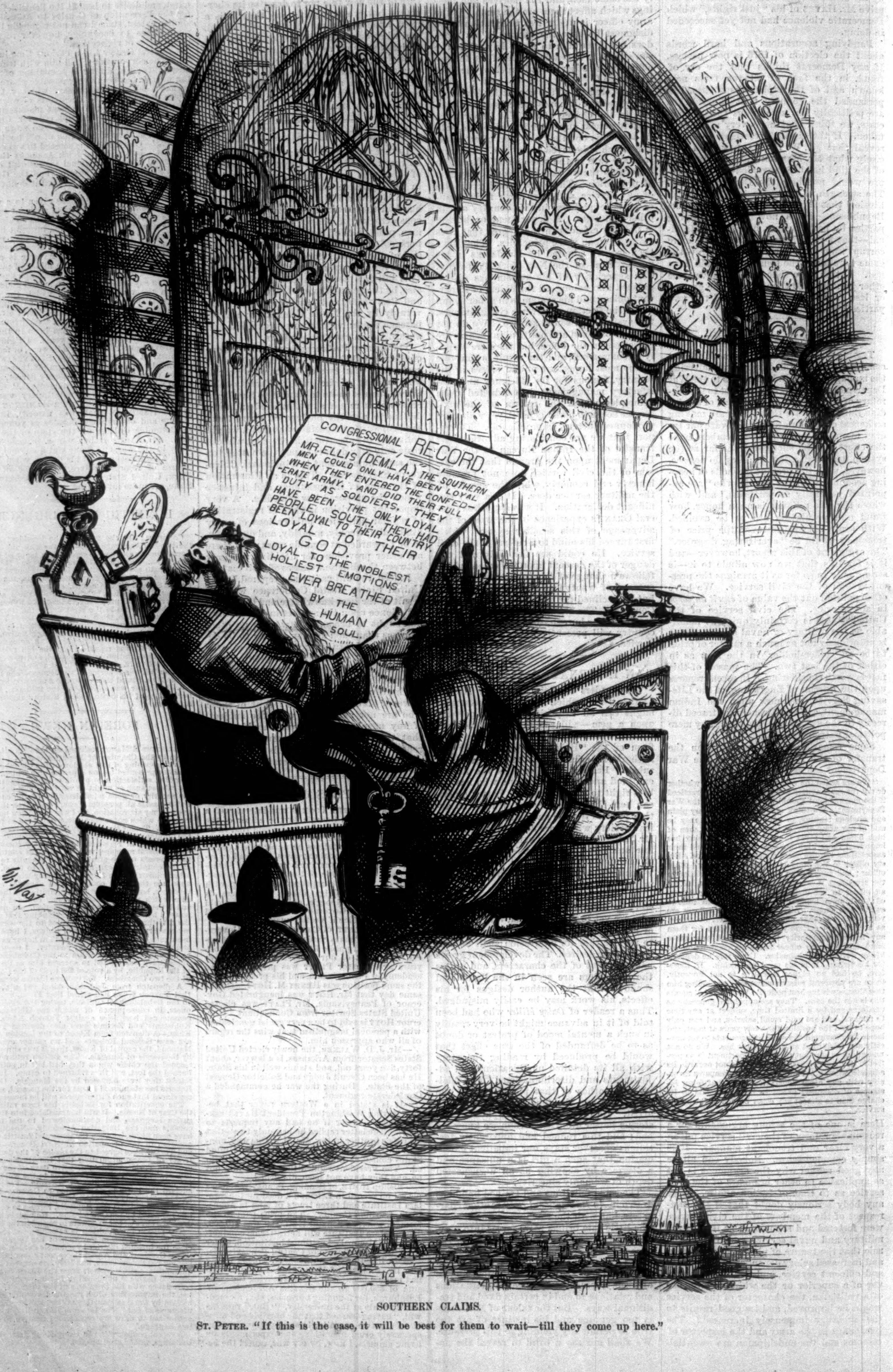
President M'Mahon resigned on the 30th ult. His letter to the Chamber of Deputies was as follows: "At the opening of this session of the Chambers the ministry presented to you a programme which, while affording satisfaction to public opinion, appeared to the cabinet such as might be voted without danger to the security or good administration of the country. Putting aside all personal views, I had given the programme my approbation, for I was sacrificing no principles to which conscience commanded me to remain faithful. To-day the ministry, thinking to respond to the opinion of the majority of the two Chambers, proposes to me, in regard to high military commands, some general measures which I consider contrary to the interests of the army, and consequently to those of the country. I can not subscribe to them. Any other ministry taken from the majority would impose upon me the same conditions. I consider myself, therefore, bound to shorten the duration of the mandate which the National Assembly confided to me, and I therefore tender my resignation. In quitting power I have the consolation of thinking that during the fifty-three years I have devoted to the service of my country, either as soldier or citizen, I have never been guided by sentiments other than honor and duty and absolute devotion to my country. I request you to communicate my decision to the Chambers." M. Jules Grévy was elected to succeed him as President of the Republic, by a vote of 536 to 99 of the Congress of the two Chambers. Forty-three blanks were cast.

A dispatch from Jelalabad, dated 23d ult., states that Yakoob Khan had seized Fort Fizen, belonging to the Bababakakhel Ghilzais, taking the chiefs prisoners, in consequence of which the Ghilzais have commenced hostilities against Yakoob Khan. The Kohistanis and Zebzais have also deserted Yakoob Khan.—A dispatch from Khost to the London *Standard* says General Roberts had no sooner evacuated Matoond, the capital of Khost, than it was surrounded by thousands of Mangals. The British returned and rescued the chiefs whom they had left in authority, burned the fort, and then returned to camp. In their retreat they were harassed by the Mangals. General Roberts has abandoned Khost for the present, as he is convinced that such disturbances will be incessant.

The constitution for Bulgaria has been ratified by the Czar of Russia. It will be translated into the Bulgarian language, and communicated to the foreign consuls and the Bulgarian Assembly.—Negotiations have been begun between the Porte and Austria on the question of the occupation of Novi Bazar.—Russia and Turkey have agreed to the clause of the definitive treaty of peace, stipulating that the Russians shall evacuate Turkey within thirty-five days of the signature of the treaty. Some details as to the wording of the document are still under discussion.—France has advised the Porte to cede Janina to Greece.—Russia having protested against the delimitation of the frontier between Silistria and Mangalia, refuses to cede the line regulated by the Commission. Roumania has addressed a circular to the powers in regard to the matter.

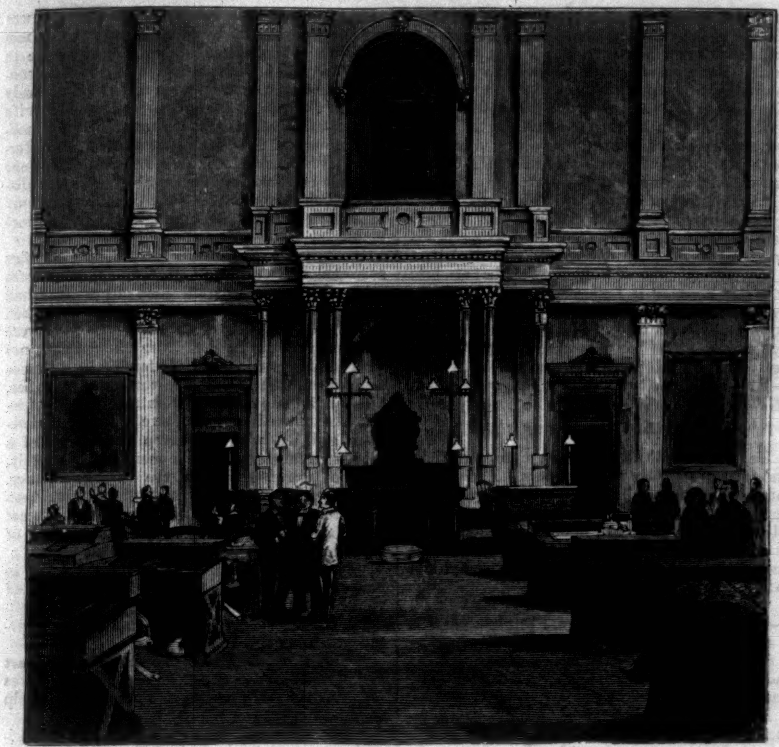
The plague in Astrakhan is causing great alarm in Europe. The Russian government has begun to inclose the infected district by a double cordon of military. Germany and Austria have sent commissions of leading physicians there, and Italy has ordered a strict quarantine against vessels from the Black Sea. An imperial decree is published in Berlin, prohibiting, in accordance with the proposals of the Plague Committee, the importation of all the articles which are prohibited by the Austrian Committee, and also all manufactures of felt. The Imperial Chancellery has been authorized to draw up regulations relative to travellers' baggage.

A recent conflagration in Hong-Kong destroyed 368 buildings, valued at $1,000,000.

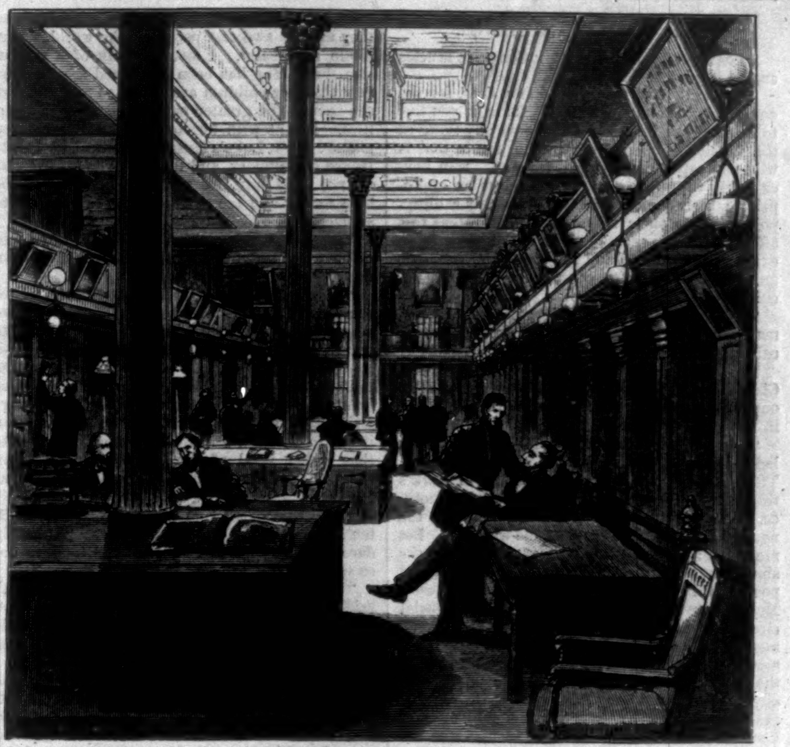

CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.
MR. ELLIS (DEM. L.A.) THE SOUTHERN MEN COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN LOYAL WHEN THEY ENTERED THE CONFED-ERATE ARMY, AND DID THEIR FULL DUTY AS SOLDIERS. THEY HAVE BEEN THE ONLY LOYAL PEOPLE SOUTH. THEY HAD BEEN LOYAL TO THEIR COUNTRY. LOYAL TO THEIR GOD. LOYAL TO THE NOBLEST HOLIEST EMOTIONS EVER BREATHED BY THE HUMAN SOUL.
Th. Nast

SOUTHERN CLAIMS.

ST. PETER. "If this is the case, it will be best for them to wait—till they come up here."



THE SENATE-CHAMBER.

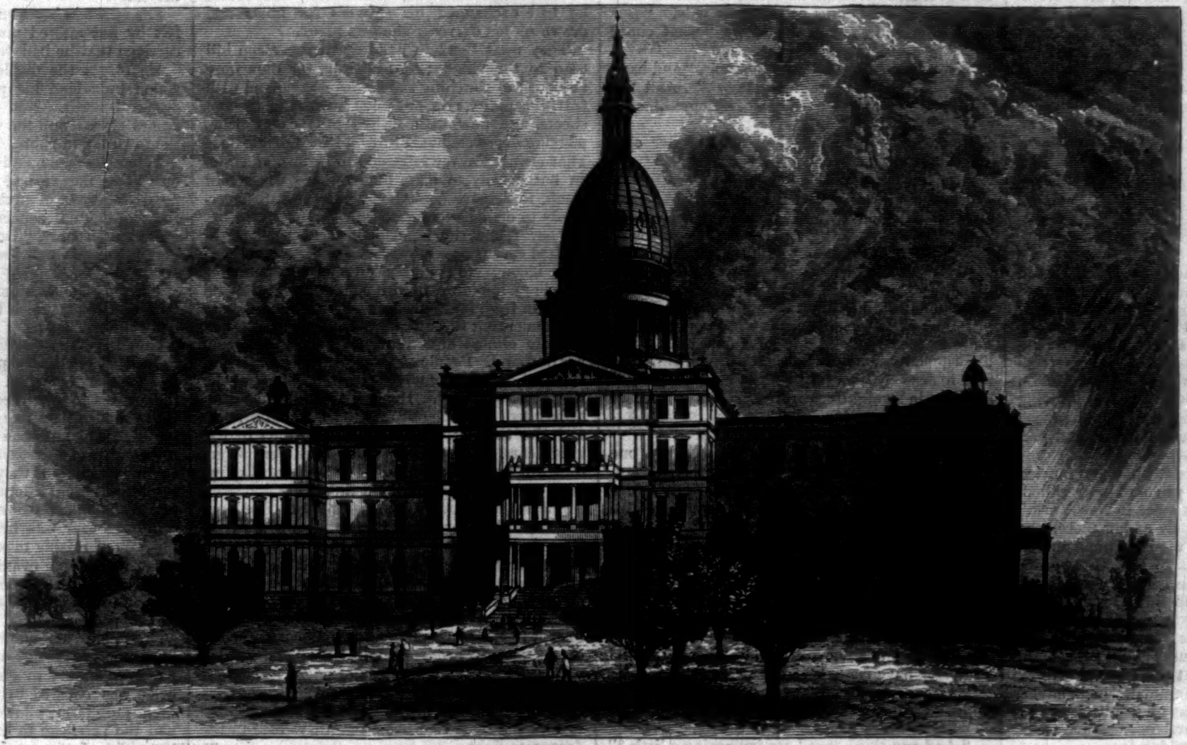


THE LIBRARY.

A FINE STRUCTURE.

THE new Capitol of the State of Michigan, which was formally opened on the 1st of January, 1879, occupies a pleasant site in the beautiful and flourishing city of Lansing. It is built of Amherst sandstone, and as a specimen of architectural skill, and in its adaptation to the purpose for which it was designed, is one of the best public edifices in the West. It is 345 feet in length and 269 feet in width. From the top of the dome an extensive and attractive view of the valley of the Grand River may be obtained.

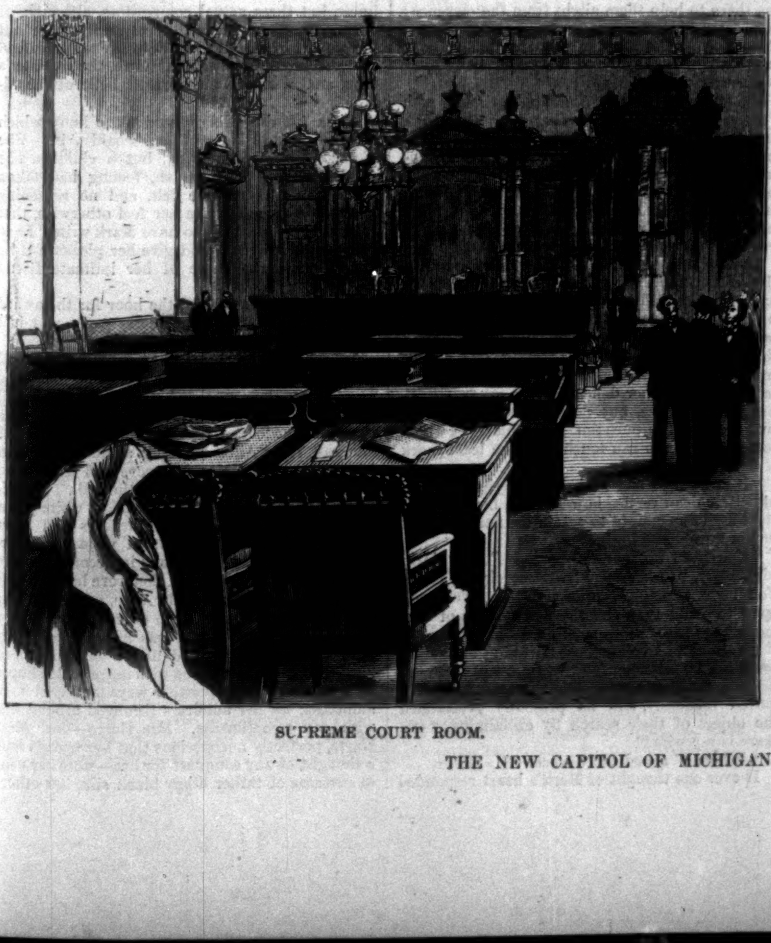
The erection of the new Capitol was authorized in 1871; the corner-stone was laid in 1873, and the building was ready for occupation before the close of last year. The people of Michigan take a just pride in the fact that not a dollar is due upon their splendid State-house. The money used in its construction was raised by a direct State tax, and the work was paid for as it went on. The total cost, including furnishing, ornamentation of grounds, etc., was $1,386,000.



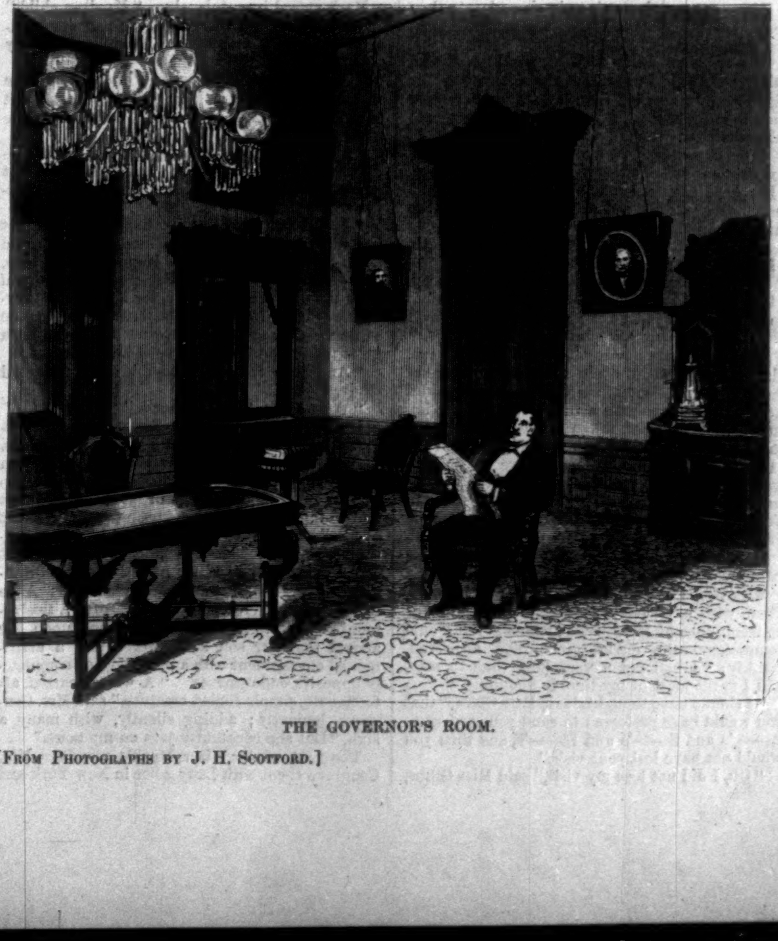
THE CAPITOL.

The city of Lansing, where this fine building is situated, became the capital of Michigan in 1847. It was then a small village, almost bidden in the "forest primeval;" but its geographical position won the day for it against other and older towns. By a healthy and gradual increase, the village of a few hundred inhabitants has grown into a prosperous city with a population of more than eight thousand souls. Several railroads give activity to its business. It is the seat of the State Reform School and of an agricultural college.

The dedication of the new Capitol drew together a large concourse of people. Five ex-Governors of the State assisted in the ceremonies of the transfer of the seat of government from the plain wooden structure which for many years has been inadequate to the accommodation of the Legislature and the State officers.



SUPREME COURT ROOM.



THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM.

THE NEW CAPITOL OF MICHIGAN.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. SCOTFORD.]

OUT OF HER SPHERE.

"I can not believe that Mark Congreve fancies such a hoyden as Flora Gibbs."

"You will have to believe it, my dear, for the engagement is announced. Ah, Clara, if you live to be as old as I am, you will believe any thing of the fancies of men—any thing, I mean, that is wild and capricious and extravagant. Men never marry the women one would select as appropriate; their choice is almost invariably a disappointment to their friends. But I confess this affair surprises even me, Mark Congreve is so exceptionally refined and fastidious and æsthetic, and Flora Gibbs is so completely *outré* and uncultured."

"Yes, the match is absurd; you, Aunt Emma, may call it wild, or capricious, or extravagant; I call it stupid."

The speakers were Mrs. Orville and her niece, Clara Hunt. They were busy at their embroidery one rainy morning in November, and feeling just in the mood for gossip.

"I pity Mrs. Congreve," continued the elder lady; "she had other dreams for her only son. There seems to have been a fatality in Mark's return from Europe six months before his mother. She is expected now, so Delia writes, by the next steamer. What changes she will find! Let me think: it is hardly more than four months since Mrs. Gibbs and Flora came to M——, and positively they have changed the tone of the town. Mrs. Congreve used to say that of all provincial circles our circle of M—— embodied most refinement, most culture. We had not one inharmonious element until this jarring encroachment of the Gibbses. To think that Flora should be actually admitted into our set! That is Dr. Erwin's fault; he is slightly obtuse on some subjects, and I suppose it has never occurred to him that his mistaken kindness has put the girl entirely out of her sphere."

While this conversation continued, the November rain that had promised to last for a day ceased suddenly, like an April shower; the clouds were breaking away, and with the clearing of the storm footsteps sounded along the wooden walk that skirted the villa terraces of M——. The gate of the Orville villa was opened; a clear, ringing, decidedly loud but not harsh voice was heard saying, "Down, Fido, down! Jack, lie down at the gate! do you hear, Sir? Don't come a step further." The door-bell rang; a visitor was announced: "Miss Gibbs."

"Show her into the library," said Mrs. Orville. "And Clara, my dear, remain; we will receive her quite informally."

Flora Gibbs entered, and was greeted with amiable politeness by the ladies, but with decided animosity by the lap-dogs, which sprang from their rugs at their mistress's feet; Prince, the tiny terrier, barking and leaping, and Canute, the Dandie Dinmont, shaking his flossy head and protruding his sharp little tongue with unfeigned disdain and enmity. After the salutations this uprising of the beasts was explained, for Flora produced from under her tippet a white kitten, and presented it to Mrs. Orville.

"Mamma told me," she said, "how you fancied our white kittens the day you so kindly called, when she was ill and I was away in New York." Mrs. Orville glanced nervously at her niece, who fortunately was engrossed with a tangle in her embroidery silk. The visit to Mrs. Gibbs—one solely of curiosity—had been made without the knowledge of Clara. "And this has no spot of color excepting one coffee-colored dot on the forehead and five coffee-colored hairs in the tip of the tail. But I fear poor pussy is not congenial." And she laughed merrily at the comical attitude of the unsophisticated little animal, which, having been placed on the floor, put up her back as well as a young thing could, and opened her round eyes in full fire upon her sudden foes.

"You are fond of animals, Miss Gibbs," said Clara, languidly.

"Oh, very—of domestic animals, at least; they are so easily trained, and they are such affectionate creatures."

"You do not agree with Victor Hugo, then," said Mrs. Orville, in her tone of voice *exaltée*, "or his argument why his hero loved the bear more than the dog, because its affectionate approach to man was from 'the greater distance?'"

"I have not read, or at least I do not remember, that passage of Victor Hugo," said Miss Gibbs. "But no, I have never tried to tame a wild animal, unless you call a man an animal. I tried to tame a man once."

"Ah, indeed," both ladies gasped at a breath. "Let us know the process."

"The process was lost, for I did not succeed. I tried to tame a raving poet to calm prose, but he eluded me; indeed, he conquered me, for I deprecate his roving life, but I read his verses."

"I suppose you allude to Vincent Merl?" said Clara, with the air of one who knows far more of the subject mentioned than the initiative speaker. And Mrs. Orville—with a frigid stare at the impulsive girl, who had taken Canute into her lap and held him, now docile, on one knee, with the passive kitten, evidently meditative of an honorable peace, on the other—changed the subject markedly by an abrupt, "You spent October in New York, Miss Gibbs. I imagine the season was sufficiently inaugurated to make the *musicales*, the autumnal races, and the art galleries attractive."

Miss Gibbs hesitated an instant, and blushed. Then, with a perfectly confiding look into the matronly face of Mrs. Orville, who she felt would comprehend the circumstance, she answered, frankly: "I had not a very long time to stay, and I spent most of my time in shopping."

"I should have thought," said Miss Clara, "that you would have preferred to send your orders to A——'s and S——'s and R——'s, and then you would not have lost your visit."

"Oh, I did not lose my visit," said Miss Gibbs, warmly. "I was staying with the Neales, and they are the sweetest people in the world. Mrs. Neale is a saint. I love to think of a woman like that. She has been a devoted mother, and now that her children are educated and married, she spends the greater part of her time in charities. I went with her to some of her beloved places: to St. Luke's Hospital, to the Five Points House of Industry, and the Old Woman's Home. Oh no, I did not lose my visit. But I was too busy at day and too tired at night to be equal to amusements."

When, soon after this, Miss Gibbs made her adieux, the ladies broke into disparaging comment.

"How coarse she is!" said Miss Clara. "How can Mark Congreve like her? Her motions are all so unmodulated, and her cheeks are red like a milkmaid's; when she blushes they are positively scarlet, and with a white streak in the middle—so unmitigatedly rustic! The idea of being in New York and never going to a thing! Evidently, from her own confession, her trousseau is not to be from Paris. Shopping! I suppose that is her ideal of the life before her. And then the indelicacy of her allusion to Vincent Merl!"

"And what shall I do with this detestable kitten?" said Mrs. Orville, piteously. "I hardly dare to have it drowned, servants' tongues are so treacherous."

"It was scarcely like yourself, Aunt Emma," said Clara, "to be so off your guard when you made your *visite de cérémonie*." Mrs. Orville quailed slightly, but a glance at her niece re-assured her.

"I had to admire *something*, you know," she said, apologetically, "and I chanced upon the kittens because they were evidently the *lares* and *penates*. Now what shall I do with this wretched animal? The idea of taking me at my word!"

"Credulity is so vulgar!" said Miss Clara, with one of those peculiar intonations that always grated upon the nerves of the elder lady. "But then," she added, sympathetically, "what could you expect otherwise of such people?"

"Now let us hasten," said the aunt, "and have our walk while the rain is stayed." And the two ladies departed to their dressing-rooms to cloak themselves.

Meanwhile Miss Gibbs had reached her own home, and was describing her visit.

"Do you know, dear mamma, it was rather an effort to me to call. But I knew I ought to go, and now I am glad that I have been. They are high-toned, interesting people. Mrs. Orville is so refined. Their house is like a picture, and Miss Clara is just the being one would imagine in such a house; she is dainty, like wax-work, and her costume—I did not like to examine it too closely, but I know it was exquisite. They are people quite learned, too, and critical, I imagine. I felt like 'nobody' some of the time. But little pussy rose to *her* occasion. I wish you could have seen her simple straightforward ways in the face of those supercilious lap-dogs."

A year of married life had passed, when one winter evening, in the warmly lighted and luxurious library of his country home, Mark Congreve was seated at his writing-desk, arranged with open books and scrolls apparently for some task of account-making, but with its pivoted arm-chair so turned that the occupant faced not the pen and papers, but his young wife, whose hand he was holding fondly. "To-night is set apart for business," he said, "and these papers I must look over;" but he raised her hand lovingly to his lips, and added, with a sigh, "When shall I ever, *ever* have enough of you, Flora?"

"And you love me as well as ever, dear Mark? Quite sure that you do?"

"Better every day, my darling wife."

"And you think that I am improving a little?"

"Improving? In what way?"

"In my manners."

Mark stared incredulously. "My dear child," he said, "I did not know that you had any manners." He was smiling, but Flora looked very grave.

"Oh, don't say that, Mark. I know I had none at first—none for a long time, perhaps; but haven't you noticed a dawn of manners in me lately?"

"I have noticed certainly a clear, bright, delightful dawn of something; but I do not call it manners; I call it the assurance of married felicity."

"Yes, I am wonderfully happy. I did not know, two years ago, that a human being could be so happy as I am now. Happy in your love, dear Mark! But I am disappointed that you have not observed a change, for I've been studying very hard for three months, and all on one subject—*manners*. Your mother has given me a great many hints; and then—I have a model."

"And who is your model in this profound study, Flossie?"

"Why, Lady Alice, of course."

Lady Alice was a young Englishwoman, high-toned and polished, a friend of the elder Mrs. Congreve, who, during a winter's residence in an Italian city, had become devotedly attached to this scion of nobility—an orphan, not rich, but amiable and elegant in the extreme, and with a cast of intellectual grace that rendered her thoroughly charming. "An ideal daughter-in-law," thought Mrs. Congreve; and bitter indeed was her disappointment when, having persuaded Lady Alice to accompany her across the ocean for a twelvemonth's visit to America, she learned upon her arrival that her son had entered into a matrimonial engagement with a personage of completely opposite endowments. "A warm-hearted, affectionate, simple-souled creature," said Mrs. Congreve, leniently; adding silently, with many a sigh, "But she constantly jars on my taste."

The first winter after Mark's marriage Mrs. Congreve spent with Lady Alice in New York and in Washington. For the summer they came to M——, to the old Congreve place, some distance from Mark's new mansion, where he dwelt with his bride. But not a summer's day passed without an interchange of visits. Flora had ample opportunity to study Lady Alice, particularly as there were series of fêtes in her honor at all the neighboring country places, for she was accepted at once as the idol of all who composed what Mrs. Orville had called "our circle at M——."

"Lady Alice, of course," said Flora.

"How absurd!" Mark exclaimed, all playfulness vanishing from his face, and leaving it expressive of mingled annoyance and disdain—"how perfectly absurd! Relinquish that attempt at once; the task is impossible. You might as well try to make a white grape of a strawberry, or an orchid of a wild rose. Give up the ambition at once. Do you remember the poem I repeated to you the other day, and you liked it so well? Keep true to its ending, those wise words of Plato:

"'Be thyself. Court no greater gift.'"

He raised the little hand once more to his lips, and turned abruptly to his papers. Flora stood musing a moment; then she went to the bow-window, pushed aside its dropped curtain, and looked out. Some undefined impulse had seized her to contrast the winter scene, cold and inclement and bleak, with the warm nest of affection and safety. Presently she exclaimed:

"Oh, Mark, there is a fire down in the village!—a fire down by the factories, I think. There is a strange, bright light—yes, and flashes of flame. I fear the workmen's cottages behind the great factory under the church hill are burning. Come and look—quick!"

He was at her side in an instant. "An alarming fire," he said, gravely, "and we are poorly provided to meet it—only two weak engines worked manually. I must go there at once."

"I will go with you," said Flora; and before he had exchanged his slippers for boots and drawn on his overcoat she was ready.

They went hand in hand down the steep hill road to the village; and silently, for they were absorbed in watching the flames that spread with fearful rapidity, now sweeping upward in glowing sheets, and now with forked tongues of flame piercing dense smoke. Fire! How terrible it is! That element never intrusted to brutes, and given but charily to man, but confided, one might think, to demons sometimes. If ever, then certainly to demons to-night.

They found the immediate scene plunged in excited confusion—men working desperately with their incomplete engines; promiscuous bands of people giving improvised help; men, women, and children from far and near gathering, and rushing in augmenting throngs to the tumultuous scene.

Flora almost directly became separated from her husband. People she scarcely knew came and engaged her in their terror-stricken talk; but she was not bewildered. Her swift intelligence comprehended the moment and the moment's need, and she thought, with the quick instinct of her kind heart, "These men will be tired very soon; they will need refreshment of some sort. Coffee, good strong coffee, will help them best."

She put her thought into instant act. She looked around her for Mark, but not seeing him, she started alone, flew up the hill path to her house, and ordered coffee to be made and hamperfuls of sandwiches; and leaving her own people busy, she went to houses of several neighbors and aroused them to the same work. Then she returned to the place of the fire, followed speedily by all she had ordered from home; and a table was spread near the stations of engines, where it could be reached by the firemen whenever relays of men gave relief to their fellows, as from time to time the most vigorous strength yielded in the desperate fight.

Meanwhile Lady Alice and Mrs. Congreve had driven down to witness the intense scene. Mark was there to help them alight from the clarence; he assisted his mother to secure a sheltered spot of outlook. And then, in response to her half-expressed desire, he offered to conduct Lady Alice to a nearer point of view.

She clung to his arm confidingly, though with a perceptible tremor, shrinking from the crowd and clamor. He found a snow-clad knoll left in the eddying current of the throng, close by the tumult, yet apart, and there they paused, gazing forth, and not uttering a word, until, drawn by the subtle magnetism of the beautiful presence, Mark turned from the "madding crowd" and concentrated his glance upon Lady Alice.

There she stood in her picturesque costume, the plumed hat with its backward wave cresting her ringleted forehead; the ermine-lined cloak opening from her slender brightly draped figure like half-folded wings; her exquisite little hands, gloved smooth, like velvet, resting, one on his arm, the other, with the mould of a Venus, against her breast; and her delicate, clear-cut face brilliant in the blaze, but not flushed beyond the quality of its own pure tint, like a diamond which no common flame can touch with the least mark of fire.

"How strange and wild this is!" she murmured. "One can realize how Nero in his mad carnival used an emerald to soften the fierce rage of such a burning sight."

"You need no material medium," said Mark, admiringly, "to keep *you* from scorch and glare. You have a magical precious stone; you look upon the wild rage and the fierce heats of life, too, always through an emerald."

He spoke in a voice whose flattering intonation could not be mistaken, and was not lost upon the delicate ear that heard; but thereafter his eyes moved restlessly, and he presently proclaimed the object of their search by exclaiming, "Oh, there is my wife!"

"Where?" asked Lady Alice.

If ever one thought of Mark's heart responded to his mother's sigh that a jar upon her taste was made unconsciously by Flora, it was at this moment when he directed the calm cold glance to her place, and her image came into emphatic contrast with that of the serene and polished Lady Alice. Perhaps the very indiscretion of his wife in awakening attention to her unattainable "model" augmented the keen perception of the difference. Who knows what accidental stir may mar a man's most perfect fidelity? If ever one discordant clash swept across the complete harmony of Mark's devoted admiration, it was at this moment.

Flora was pouring coffee at one of the tables surrounded by firemen. Her gloves were cast aside; the hastily adjusted hood of her cloak had fallen upon her shoulders; her face was flushed—yes, even heated, overheated; her motions were quick, angular, impulsive. She was speaking, not with condescension, but with familiarity, to these rough men. She was not only pouring the coffee, but handing the cups, and this not in stately profile, like our well-known picture of the ideal chocolate-girl, but with the sharp earnestness of a self-forgetful server. The men drank eagerly, but not unconsciously of the rare attendance. Mrs. Mark Congreve was evidently winning gratitude touched with chivalric admiration, but not disturbed or abashed by any stunning sense of superiority.

"Is that—your wife?" asked Lady Alice, in her measured, modulated, deliciously low-toned voice. "I did not recognize her."

Mark yielded for an instant to a weak misgiving; then his love rallied.

"Yes, there is Flora," he answered, "heart and soul helping. My wife's attitude reproves me. By-and-by I must go into the fight, and help these brave fellows."

"Do so at once," said Lady Alice; "for fascinating as the wild scene is, I should not expose your mother to the heat and glare any longer by the delay."

She spoke in her own silvery accents, but Mark felt by her altered manner in returning to the carriage that he had displeased her.

He forgot the displeasure in the ardor with which he added his part to the labor of that dreadful night. Not until daybreak were the flames stayed, and the most populous quarter of the town lay in ruins.

When husband and wife met again in their own home they rushed to each other with the impulsive embrace of anxious affection. Many questions of mutual concern there were to ask, and Flora said, fondly, "Dear Mark, you are so kind and brave! I knew last night you would do what you could."

"I only followed my good angel," he said. "Flora, I always wish to do as you do. We are one in heart."

Now that a heavy penalty had been paid for carelessness, the good folks of M—— bestirred themselves to take precautions against fire. Although more than one townsman sagely remarked there had not been a fire in thirty years before, and probably would not be in thirty years again, especially if they were provided to meet it, resolutions were adopted for the purchase and establishment of two steam-engines, and in June a grand bazar was held for three days for the purpose of raising money to perfect these plans.

On the closing evening of the bazar there was to be a ball, a strawberry fête, and the award of a prize to the Queen of Love and Beauty.

The prize attracted universal interest; it was an arm-chair, silk embroidery of a pattern of deep blue morning-glories on a golden ground, and superbly mounted in ebony and lapis lazuli. Its price was covered by four hundred tickets, and each purchaser, allowed to buy but one ticket, had the privilege to drop into the ballot-box on the night of the award the name of the woman to whose possession of the treasure his judgment gave choice. There were, as every one well knew, but three actual competitors, although, of course, room was given for scattering votes; but the weight of election lay between the beautiful Lady Alice, the sweet Mrs. Harte, the minister's wife, and Mamie Kent, a rustic belle of the village.

Flora felt exceedingly anxious to know which of these names her husband would write. She blamed herself for caring, but a childish, she would not say a womanish, feeling had taken possession of her; she felt, and no reasoning with herself could make her feel otherwise, that it would give her pain to have Mark write "Lady Alice," and that it would give her pleasure if he should write the name of her intimate friend Mrs. Harte.

The evening came, and the hour for the award of the prize, after the strawberry party, and just before the opening of the ball.

Why was it that Flora Congreve trembled and felt faint as she watched the groups gather in the great hall to their vote, and as her eye, with a full perception of their individual charms, studied the three acknowledged competitors for the prize? She saw Lady Alice standing against a column between the elder Mrs. Congreve and Mark, who had paused there in crossing the hall. Beautiful indeed she looked in her dazzling white gown looped with satin bows of turquois and amethyst, and holding bouquets of violets and forget-me-nots; her costume was in accord with the votive chair. Indeed, Mrs. Congreve had insisted upon that accord, and Lady Alice, conscious that it would be affectation to do otherwise, yielded to her advice. Mamie Kent was in white too, with blue ribbons, and looked like a morning-glory herself; her eyes sparkled with unconcealed hopefulness, and her coquettish ways gathered new animation as her admirers thronged around her with gay compliments. Mrs. Harte—dear Mrs. Harte, perfectly unconscious that her friends had a thought of any conquest for her—wore her usual costume of rather dingy black silk, but otherwise was quite radiant, as she moved from place to place in her own peculiar gracefulness, her sweet face lighted with the unfeigned friendliness of her gentle, generous soul.

Then Flora glanced at the chair, set upon a dais in conspicuous sight, and by its side a floral booth for the reception of votes. There! Mark had gone up, leaned against the screen, and looked across the crowded hall, looked at Lady Alice, and then dropped his vote in the box.

A chill gathered at Flora's heart; but she was re-assured when Mark, hastening to her, put her arm in his, saying, "We will go nearer the stand, where you can see the queen ascend her throne. They are counting already; I believe mine was the last vote."

A few minutes afterward the treasurer emerged from the booth and appeared upon the stage to announce the result.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "it is my privilege to congratulate you not only upon the substantial success of the last three days, but upon the brilliancy of the concourse gathered here this evening. I need not direct your attention to the unrivalled workmanship of the object designed as a keepsake of this happy occasion, and awarded by popular vote—a vote, ladies and gentlemen, so nearly *unanimous* that the choice of the Queen of Love and Beauty may be said to express the sentiment of the town. And the name I have to announce is—Mrs. Mark Congreve."

What a moment that was to Flora and to Mark! Indeed, the announcement was an unbounded surprise to all. The truth was, no one who wrote Flora's name imagined it would be written by any one else, but a certain satisfaction had been felt in paying a passing tribute to a name that had made itself dear by a recurrence of kind acts. Not solely upon the night of the fire, but afterward in behalf of the sufferers by that calamity, Flora's kindness had been assiduous and of admirable adaptation to actual wants. Without one thought of self, she had daily been, as her husband expressed it, the evening he pointed her out to Lady Alice, "heart and soul *helping*."

Flora, conducted to the chair, did not assume the position of royalty with queenly grace. No! She blushed; she trembled; her eyes filled with tears. It seemed for a moment that she would prove utterly unequal to the emergency. Only a moment. She glanced at Mark; his face glowed with love and pride. Then her features calmed; she drew herself erect; she made her speech—a brief one, but with an accent that melted every heart. "I did not know," she said, "that I had so many friends. I wish you all much happiness—always—and to-night."

Heart-felt applause rang through the hall as, with a quick impulse, she seized her husband's hand, and holding it fast, took her place in the chair of state.

Then followed congratulations and warm grasps of the hand. Mrs. Congreve beamed upon her daughter-in-law as never before, and even Mrs. Orville and Clara paid their compliments with cordial warmth.

All the honors of the evening were heaped upon Flora. She opened the ball with the chief dignitary of the place, and was led to supper by the town's distinguished guest. She had more bouquets than she could count, and the beautiful chair was carried to her house by enthusiastic youths.

But not until all the triumph was over could her heart be quite at rest—not until in her own home, alone with Mark, and having talked with him of all the events of the night, she nestled to his side, and whispered, "And whose name did *you* write?"

Mark laughed. "I came very near," he said, "being caught in the predicament of our good professor, who, being raised to preferment, found himself elected *unanimously* to his dignified place, by the inclusion of his own vote. I chose *my own* Queen of Love and Beauty—I wrote the name of *my wife*."

So hearts win!

"Perhaps," said the beloved novelist, "Hearts stand in heaven as high as Heads." And in society there comes an hour when all the graces of mind and manner, estimable and endearing as they are, give place to a diviner quality. No woman who has the consummate grace of charity, "which thinketh no evil, and is kind," can ever, while the common needs of humanity last—can ever be, even in the most exalted circle, "out of her sphere."

ADMIRAL PAULDING AND THE "MONITOR."

No. 4028 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, *January* 25, 1879.

To the Editors of Harper's Weekly:

GENTLEMEN,—My attention has been drawn to the February number of *Harper's Magazine*, containing as it does a sketch of the life of the late Admiral Paulding; and although I would be the last to detract, in the most distant manner, from the credit due to the gallant admiral, yet there is one point in that sketch which is so evidently a departure from the exact state of the transaction that I feel unwilling to allow it to pass unnoticed, especially, as we sailors would say, "it takes the wind out of my sails."

In the article above alluded to it is said that "it was entirely due to his [Commodore Paulding's] foresight that the *Monitor* was so speedily equipped for service." This is undoubtedly the case, and too much credit can not be awarded to him for so doing; but it was not Commodore Paulding who countermanded the order of the Navy Department directing the *Monitor* to proceed to Washington instead of Hampton Roads. The facts of the case were these, and I received them from the admiral himself: Commodore Paulding had been ordered by the Department to send the *Monitor* to Hampton Roads, and *she left New York under those orders*. She, however, had been gone but a few hours when another order was received by Commodore Paulding from the Secretary of the Navy, directing him to send the *Monitor* to Washington. Commodore Paulding immediately dispatched a fast vessel to overhaul the *Monitor*, with orders to proceed to Washington. But it was too late; the *Monitor* had gained too great a distance to be overtaken, and the dispatch vessel returned to New York without accomplishing her object.

At this time I was in command at Hampton Roads. Some two or three days before the *Merrimac* came down from Norfolk I received from the Navy Department four telegrams ordering me *most peremptorily* to "send the *Monitor* to Washington immediately on her arrival." On the night of the 8th of March—the day on which the *Merrimac* came down and sunk the *Cumberland*, and the *Congress* was burned—at about nine o'clock, the little *Monitor* arrived. Captain Worden immediately came on board the *Roanoke* and reported himself to me. I inquired into his condition, which was not a very favorable one: his men were all green; they knew nothing of that peculiar armament then on board the *Monitor*. A few moments' reflection, however, determined me as to the course I should pursue. I informed Captain Worden that my orders were very positive to send the *Monitor* to Washington, but that I was going, at the risk of my commission, to disobey those orders and send him up to Newport News to look out for the *Merrimac*. In this Captain Worden most cheerfully acquiesced, and on the following day the result was known to an astonished and admiring world.

I have made this correction of the sketch of my much valued friend Admiral Paulding for the reason that, after a service in the navy of more than sixty-six years, I look back on no part of that service with the pleasure and satisfaction I do on my having on that memorable occasion disobeyed my orders.

A recent writer (I think) in the *United Service*, speaking of the introduction of new means of warfare, asks the question, "Where would the United States at this moment have been if Ericsson had not given us the *Monitor?*" and may I not ask the question, "Where would the United States at this moment have been if I had not disobeyed my orders?" There was nothing to prevent the *Merrimac* going to Philadelphia, New York, or Boston, and the fall of either of those cities would have been the signal for Europe, but especially for England, to acknowledge the independence of the South.

May I trespass so far on your kindness as to ask you to give the foregoing an insertion in your paper?

Your obedient servant,
JOHN MARSTON,
Commodore United States Navy.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY.

Sunday,	16.—Sexagesima Sunday.
Sunday,	23.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
Monday,	24.—St. Matthias.
Wednesday,	26.—Ash-Wednesday.

THE scheme of union between Father HYACINTHE and the Church of England, which was noticed in this Intelligence several weeks ago, is at present a subject of much comment in the English and American papers. The Paris correspondent of the London *Guardian* expresses the opinion that it will end in failure. Father HYACINTHE now represents the Société de la Réforme Catholique, and asks and has received the patronage of the English bishops. He has opened a Catholic chapel in the Rue Rochuart, Paris. Strange to say, the funds for his chapel have been furnished by an American gentleman. There is no basis for the support of this scheme in the discontented Catholic population of France. A certain portion of French Catholicism is discontented, but it is without earnestness. All earnest French Catholics are strongly ultramontane. Father HYACINTHE will be as likely to fail as a reformer in France as he failed in Switzerland. His plans have, nevertheless, great interest for Protestants.

The health of Mr. SPURGEON, though partly restored, will not admit of his preaching regularly in the Tabernacle. It is expected that he will spend part of the winter in Mentone, France.

Mr. SANKEY, Mr. MOODY's companion, is now holding religious meetings in Newcastle, England. He has been warmly welcomed there, and entertained at a public breakfast, over which Canon MARTIN of the state Church presided. The secretary of the Evangelistic Committee said that "the small beginning of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY's work, which had since become world-wide, was in Newcastle five years ago." Mr. SANKEY stated that at the close of the "recent campaign in America, Mr. MOODY felt the need of study, and this led to their separation for a year."

It is a noticeable fact that at the Unitarian Conference held in Brooklyn, January 28 and 29, a very high estimate of the work of Mr. SANKEY was expressed by the Rev. A. D. MAYO, who read an essay on "Revivals, True and False." "The SANKEY side of the MOODY revival," said the essayist, "was an almost unmixed good. The simple and stirring songs went to the hearts of the people. The peculiarity of the revival was that it came from the laity, and Mr. MOODY was the best representative of the lay element in the Evangelical Church."

The Baptist Year-Book for the United States is not yet issued, but the summaries made up for it will show the number of baptisms in 1878 to be 102,736. The total number of communicants is 2,102,034—an increase of 78,000 on the preceding year. Estimating four adherents for every member, the *Examiner and Chronicle* considers the total Baptist population of the country to be 10,000,000. It is safer to reckon the population adhering to any one form of Christian faith at the ratio of three adherents to each communicant.

What the freedom of the Church from entangling alliance with the State can effect is shown in the religious condition of the State of New York, according to the official census for 1875. There are 6320 organizations in the entire commonwealth, and 6243 church edifices; the sittings number 2,537,470, and the church members 1,177,470. The churches, with the ground on which they stand, are valued at $101,105,765; the sum of $15,308,231 is paid annually in salaries to the clergy. All these are free gifts of the people. In sittings the leading denominations rank in the following order: Methodists, 700,678; Presbyterians, 372,662; Baptists, 351,308; Protestant Episcopalians, 226,002; Reformed Dutch, 109,815; Congregationalists, 107,847; Lutherans, 77,731. In communicants these same denominations rank as follows: Methodists, 198,900; Baptists, 109,972; Presbyterians, 123,698; Protestant Episcopalians, 78,515; Congregationalists, 30,922; Reformed Dutch, 35,397; Lutherans, 34,439.

There is an absurd report in circulation that LEO XIII. will call *another* Œcumenical Council. The Vatican Council has not yet been closed; its re-assembling, therefore, at the call of the present Pope, will be one of the most probable of coming events. The Council of Trent, which was summoned by Pope PAUL III., was continued under JULIUS III., outlasted his life and the lives of MARCELLUS II. and PAUL IV., was convened again by PIUS IV., and closed by him. Its first session was held December 13, 1545, and its last December 4, 1563, thus covering a period of eighteen years.

The scheme of Catholic colonization in the Western and Pacific States of our Union, already noticed in this Intelligence, makes steady progress. The Catholic Colonization Bureau of Minnesota reports that it has established four colonies in four counties of that State. The first colony, founded in 1876, has now, it is claimed, 800 families. It is distributed in four towns, one of them a county seat. There are two churches already built for the use of the colonists, and three more are to be erected this year. If the wretched Catholic population of our Eastern cities could to a large extent be carried to the West, there would be a vast improvement of their morals, and of the morals of the cities also.

At its twenty-sixth anniversary, held January 28, the New York Young Men's Christian Association reported a year of prosperity. The receipts for 1878 were $23,054, and the expenditures $22,508. The Association has branches at Harlem, Yorkville, Bowery, and the Grand Central Dépôt. The main building, on Twenty-third Street, which is an ornament to the city, is free of debt. Dr. THOMSON's Sunday afternoon Bible class is still largely attended; and lectures, a reading-room, gymnasium, and a library continue to offer their attractions to young men.

Christians living in China are devoting themselves resolutely to the cure of the opium habit. The Pekin Refuge, which was opened early in 1878, treated in the first six months of its existence 53 in and nearly 300 out patients. Two European physicians prescribe, and daily Christian services are held at the hospital. The effect of this philanthropic measure upon the minds of the people of Pekin is said to be excellent.

The probable adoption of the overture on representation to the General Assembly is causing gloomy forebodings in the minds of some Presbyterian leaders. Of fifty-one Presbyteries, thirty-one have voted in its favor and twenty against it. Its effect will be to reduce the number of commissioners to the Assembly sent by numerous Presbyteries. It is feared that the reunion of the Old and New Schools consummated in 1870 will be disturbed by the success of this measure. The Rev. Dr. MUSGRAVE, in a letter to the New York *Evangelist*, says: "I think if so large a number of Presbyteries are half disfranchised, as they would be if the communicant basis were adopted, the bond of union would be so weakened that there would be danger of disintegration, and perhaps it would ultimately lead to the formation of several General Assemblies. Already the *Occident*, published at San Francisco, intimates that this result is probable."

On the 1st of January, of this year, the new lectionary of the Church of England came into use. It is the fruit of the labors of a royal commission appointed ten years ago to revise the rubrics, and has been sanctioned by Parliament. Dean STANLEY in a recent sermon thus commends it: "It omits disagreeable and horrible detail, historical accounts, long genealogies, and details of ceremonial and social law, more interesting to a student than suitable for the ears of a mixed congregation, and, on the other hand, it gives portions of the Scripture which have been omitted from the old lessons. The arrangements are now such as to bring what might be called an outline of the whole Bible annually before the whole congregation, and to lead to a more intelligent study of the Scriptures."

The increase in the numbers of Baptist communicants in the United States, lately reported, is accompanied with an increase of contributions to foreign missions. For the last seven months of 1878 these reached the sum of $117,181, or $28,542 more than to January 1 of the preceding year. The Baptist Publishing House, which is located in Philadelphia, issued during 1878 eight and a half millions of pages of publications. This house has a missionary department from which religious publications are distributed gratuitously. In making such distribution a debt of $25,000 has been incurred, which will be met by special donations.

The number of clerical members of the English Church Union, the main-stay of the ritualists, is now 2500; the lay members are 17,522. During the past year the Union has been very active.

The Congregationalists have in London 307 ministers, and in the metropolis and its suburbs 243 chapels. The ministers in England and Wales number 2473; the total of ministers at home and in Congregational missions abroad is 3426; of these 2801 are pastors. The amount raised by these churches in 1878 for home, foreign, and colonial missions was £179,163. Fifty-one chapels were opened in Great Britain and Ireland during the year.

The more exact statistics of the provision made in England for religious worship are to the advantage of the Nonconformists. WHITTAKER's Almanac for 1879 states that the State Church population of England is about 12,580,000, and that 5,850,000 church sittings are provided. The non-established Churches of England have 27,000 places of worship and 6,700,000 sittings. In the following table of sittings most of the figures are from official documents:

	No. of Sittings.
Wesleyan Methodists	1,728,980
Congregationalists	1,453,000
Baptists	935,000
Primitive Methodists	763,000
Roman Catholics	370,000
United Free Methodists	334,000
Calvinistic Methodists	332,300
New Connection Methodists	140,000
Presbyterian Church of England	106,774
Unitarians	96,000
Bible Christians	93,000
Friends	91,500
Wesleyan Reformers	44,000
Minor sects	176,000
Foreign Churches—Jews, Mormons, etc.	56,000
Total	6,715,554

This is probably a more exact statement than has hitherto been published.

THE CABOOL BAZAR.

AN English traveller who visited Cabool some years ago thus describes the lively scene presented in our sketch on page 132: "The entrance into Cabool was by a narrow street, presenting to the view a scene of the most busy description. The numerous shops, little better than sheds, exhibited fruit not only surprising for its beauty, but for its prodigious abundance; melons and grapes out of number, and this display continued for some distance, Cabool having been long famous for its fruits, more particularly grapes, pomegranates, apricots, peaches, pears, apples, quinces, jujubes, damsons, almonds, and walnuts, all of which are found in immense quantities, as well as the orange, citron, amlook, and sugar-cane, which are peculiar to a warm climate, and are brought from Laghman. Other articles are also presented for sale. Cooks are preparing kabobs, and confectioners sweetmeats; cutlers and farriers, guns, swords, and horse-shoes; silk-mercers, dealers in carpets, furs, lace, chintz, saddlery, etc.—all are attentive to their several occupations.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"WHAT I want to get at is the animus of the transaction," said the judge. "But, your honor," said the complainant, "there wasn't any muss at all. He came up quiet like and grabbed the coat, and was off with it before I saw what he was at. No, Sir, there wasn't any muss."

It is no wonder the ivy clings so tightly to the rocky wall. It probably makes holes to climb by. It has ten drills, you remember.

A music-seller announces in his window a comic song, "Thou hast loved and left me," for ten cents.

A country subscriber sends us the following atrocious conundrum: Why is a man who looks at Barnum's giantess like an ancient emperor?—Because he sees her, the great.

After all the slanders perpetrated against the oyster, that interesting bivalve has always stewed by the church and liquidated the inevitable "debt."

Aunt Dorothy wants to know if billiard matches are any better for home use than the old-fashioned ones.

An Irishman tells of a fight in which there was only one whole nose left in the crowd, and that belonged to the tea-kettle.

A country blacksmith out West put up a notice: "No hosses shodded Sunday except sickness and death."

An orator declaring that Fortune knocked at every man's door once, an old Irishman said, "When she knocked at mine I must have been out."

"See how I ride o'er the raging mane!" exclaimed the man who was thrown over his horse's head into a ditch on the other side of the fence.

The father of a St. Louis bride presented his son-in-law with 80,000 head of cattle. "Papa dear," exclaimed his daughter when she heard of it, "that was so kind of you; Charley's awfully fond of ox-tail soup."

A poor Irishman, seeing a crowd of people approaching, asked what was the matter. He was answered: "A man going to be buried." "Oh," he remarked, "I'll stop to see that, for we carry them to be buried in our country."

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass: "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that before?" "Thin!" replied the other. "Botherashen! I seen a woman as thin as two of her put together, so I have."

"Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a fellow to a brisk brunette; "give me your hand, if you please." "La, Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go ask pa."

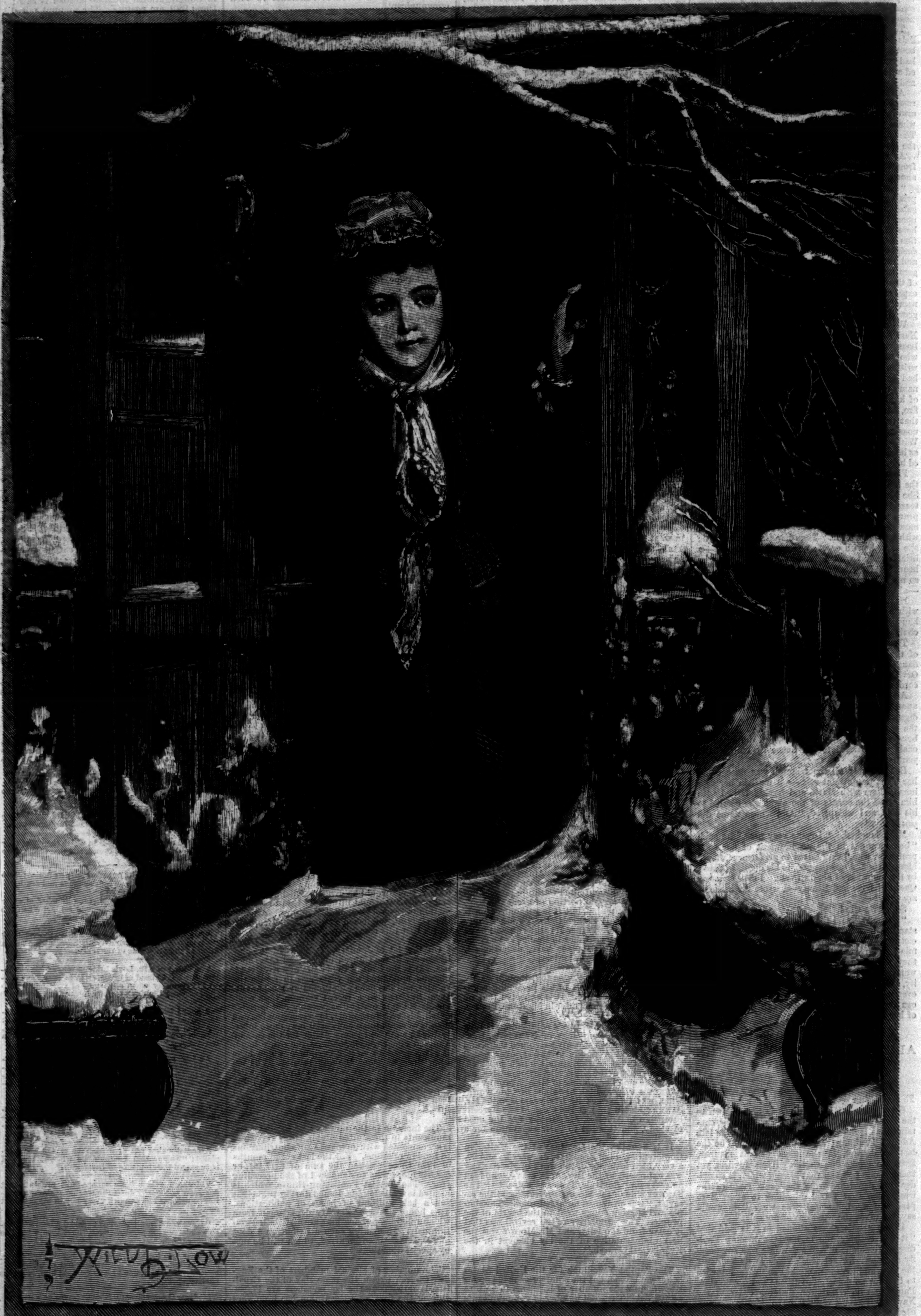
A corset-maker out of work thus vented her complaint: "Shame that I should be without bread—I have *stayed* the stomachs of thousands."

"Mother," said a little square-built urchin about five years old, "why don't the teacher make me monitor sometimes? I can lick every boy in my class but one."

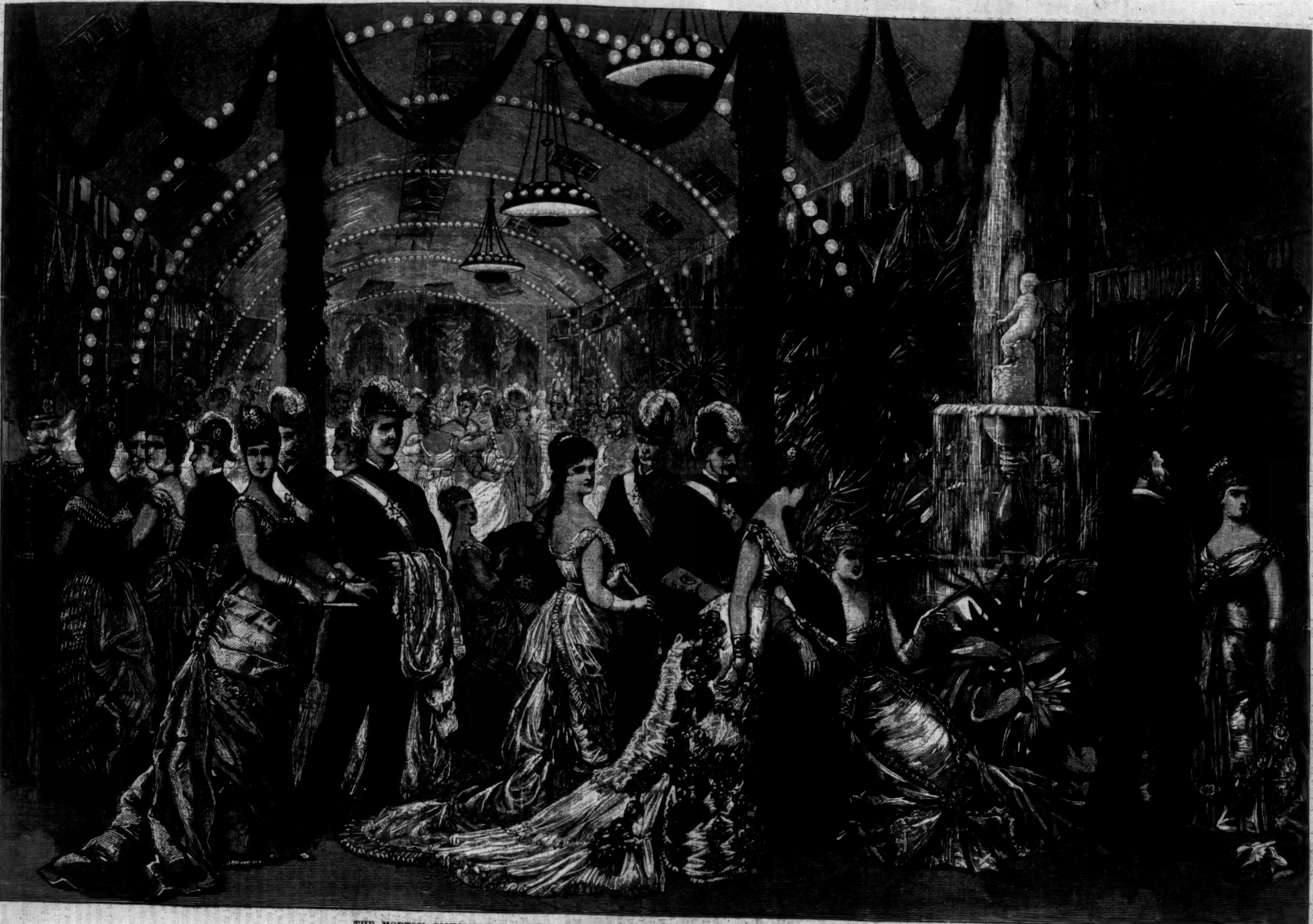
"Have you a mother-in-law?" asked a man of a disconsolate-looking person. "No," he replied, "but I've a father in jail."

"Your late husband, madam—" began her lawyer. "Yes, I know he was always late out o' nights, but now that he's dead, don't let us upbraid him," said his charitable widow.

Madame G—— calls at a friend's house on a wet day, and, her feet being damp, says to her friend, "My dear, will you let your maid bring me a pair of your slippers?" "My love," replies her friend (there were several people in the parlor), "do you think my slippers will fit you?" "Oh, I think so, my darling, if you will put a cork sole inside of them."



"GOOD-MORNING!"—[DRAWN BY WILL H. LOW.]



THE MORTON COMMANDERY RECEPTION AT GILMORE'S GARDEN.—DRAWN BY I. P. PRANISHNIKOFF.—[SEE PAGE 131.]

WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT.

FULL white moon upon a waste of ocean,
High full tide upon the sandy shore;
In the fisher's cot, without a motion,
Waiteth he that never shall sail more—
Waiteth he, and one sad comrade, sighing,
Speaking lowly, says, "Without a doubt
He will rest soon: Some One calls the dying
When the tide goes out."

Some One calls the tide, when in its flowing
It hath touched the limits of its bound;
Some great Voice; and all the billows, knowing
What omnipotence is in that sound,
Hasten back to ocean, none delaying
For man's profit, pleasuring, or doubt—
Backward to their source, not one wave straying;
And the tide is out.

Some One calls the soul o'er life's dark ocean,
When its tide breaks high upon the land,
And it listens with such glad emotion
As the "called" alone can understand—
Listens, hastens to its source of being,
Leaves the sands of Time without a doubt,
While we sadly wait, as yet but seeing
That the tide is out.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—(*Continued.*)

THE OWNER OF BULLFINCH.

THE duchess's visit put Mrs. Carmichael in good humor with all the world, but especially with Roderick Vawdrey. She sent him an invitation to her next dinner, and when her husband seemed inclined to strike his name out of her list, she defended her right of selection with a courage that was almost heroic.

"I can't understand your motive for asking this fellow," the captain said, with a blacker look than his wife had ever before seen on his countenance.

"Why should I not ask him, Conrad? I have known him ever since he was at Eton, and the dear squire was very fond of him."

"If you are going to choose your acquaintance in accordance with the taste of your first husband, it will be rather a bad look-out for your second," said the captain.

"What objection can you have to Roderick?"

"I can have, and I have, a very strong objection to him. But I am not going to talk about it yet awhile."

"But, Conrad, if there is any thing I ought to know—" began Mrs. Carmichael, alarmed.

"When I think you ought to know it, you will be told it, my dear Pamela. In the mean time allow me to have my own opinion about Mr. Vawdrey."

"But, Conrad, in dear Edward's time he used to come to this house whenever he liked, as if he had been a near relation. And he is the duchess's nephew, remember; and when he marries Lady Mabel, and the duke dies, he will be one of the largest land-owners in South Hampshire."

"Very well, let him come to your dinner. It can make very little difference."

"Now you are offended, Conrad," said Mrs. Carmichael, with a deprecating air.

"No, I am not offended; but I have my own opinion as to your wisdom in giving any encouragement to Mr. Vawdrey."

This sounded mysterious, and made Mrs. Carmichael uncomfortable. But she was determined not to offend the duchess, who had been so particularly gracious, and who had sent Captain and Mrs. Carmichael a card for a dinner to be given early in January.

So Roderick got his invitation, and accepted it with friendly promptitude. He was master of the hounds now, and a good many of his days were given up to the pleasures of the hunting-field. He was an important person in his way, full of business; but he generally found time to drop in for half an hour on Mrs. Carmichael's Tuesday afternoons, to lounge with his back against the massive oaken chimney-breast and talk to Violet or pat Argus while the lady visitors gossiped and tittered over their tea-cups.

This last dinner of Mrs. Carmichael's was to take place a few days before Christmas, and was to be given in honor of a guest who was coming to spend the holidays at the Abbey House. The guest was Captain Carmichael's Irish friend, Lord Mallow, the owner of Bullfinch.

Vixen's heart gave an indignant bound when she heard that he was coming.

"Another person for me to hate," she said to herself, almost despairingly. "I am becoming a mass of envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness."

Lord Mallow had spent the early morning of life in the army, it appeared, a younger son, with no particular expectations. He and Captain Carmichael had been brother officers. But the fell sergeant, Death, had promoted Patrick Hay to his elder brother's heritage, and he had surrendered a subaltern's place in a line regiment to become Viscount Mallow, and the owner of a fine stretch of fertile hill and valley in County Cork. He had set up at once as the model landlord, eager for his tenantry's welfare, full of advanced ideas, a violent politician, liberal to the verge of radicalism. If the Irish Church had not been disestablished before Lord Mallow went into Parliament, he would have gripped his destructive axe and had a chop or two at the root of that fine old tree. Protestant, and loyal to the Church of England in his own person—so far as such loyalty may be testified by regular attendance at divine service every Sunday morning, and a gentleman-like reverence for bishops—it seemed to him not the less an injustice that his native land should be taxed with the maintenance of an alien clergy.

The late Lord Mallow had been a violent Tory, Orange to the marrow of his bones. The new Lord Mallow was violently progressive, enthusiastic in his belief in Hibernian virtues and his indignation at Hibernian wrongs. He wanted to disestablish every thing. He saw his country as she appears in the eyes of her poets and song-writers—a fair dishevelled female, oppressed by the cruel Sassenach, a lovely sufferer for whose rescue all true men and leal would fight to the death. He quoted the outrages of Elizabeth's reign, the cruelties of Cromwell's soldiery, the savagery of Ginkle, as if those wrongs had been inflicted yesterday, and the House of Commons of to-day were answerable for them. He made fiery speeches, which were reported at length in the Irish newspapers. He was a fine speaker, after a florid pattern, and had a great command of voice, and a certain rugged eloquence that carried his hearers along with him, even when he was harping upon so hackneyed a string as the wrongs of "Ould Ireland."

Lord Mallow was not thirty, and he looked younger than his years. He was tall and broad-shouldered, robust, and a trifle clumsy in figure, and rode fourteen stone. He had a good-looking Irish face, smiling blue eyes, black hair, white teeth, bushy whiskers, and a complexion inclining to rosiness.

"He is the perfection of a commonplace young man," Vixen said, when she talked him over with her mother on the day of his arrival at the Abbey House.

"Come, Violet, you must admit that he is very handsome," remonstrated Mrs. Carmichael, who was sitting before her dressing-room fire with her feet on a fender stool of her own crewel-work, waiting for Pauline to commence the important ceremony of dressing for dinner. "I think I never saw a finer set of teeth, and of course at his age they must all be real."

"Unless he has had a few of the original ones knocked out in the hunting-field, mamma. They go over a good many stone walls in Ireland, you know, and he may have come to grief."

"If you would only leave off talking in that horrid way, Violet. He is a very agreeable young man. How he enjoyed a cup of tea after his journey, instead of wanting soda-water and brandy! Conrad tells me he has a lovely place near Mallow—on the slope of a hill, sheltered on the north with pine woods; and I believe it is one of the prettiest parts of Ireland—so green and fertile and sweet, and such a happy peasantry."

"I think I'd better leave you to dress for dinner, mamma. You like a clear hour, and it's nearly half past six."

"True, love; you may ring for Pauline. I have been wavering between my black and maize and my amethyst velvet, but I think I shall decide upon the velvet. What are you going to wear?"

"I?—oh, any thing. The dress I wore last night."

"My love, it is positively dowdy. Pray wear something better in honor of Lord Mallow. There is the dress you had for my wedding," suggested Mrs. Carmichael, blushing. "You look lovely in that."

"Mamma, do you think I am going to make a second-hand bride-maid of myself to oblige Lord Mallow? No; that dress too painfully bears the stamp of what it was made for. I'm afraid it will have to rot in the wardrobe where it hangs. If it were woolen, the moths would inevitably have it; but I suppose, as it is silk, it will survive the changes of time, and some day it will be made into chair covers, and future generations of Tempests will point to it as a relic of my great-aunt Violet."

"I never heard any thing so absurd," cried Mrs. Carmichael, fretfully. "It was Theodore's *chef-d'œuvre*, and no doubt I shall have to pay an awful price for it."

"Ah, mamma, we are continually doing things for which we have to pay an awful price," said Vixen, with one of her involuntary bursts of bitter sadness.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SOMETHING LIKE A RIDE.

IT was impossible to go on hating Lord Mallow forever. He was a man whose overflowing good nature would have conciliated the bitterest foe, could that enemy have been exposed long enough to its softening influence. He came upon the dull daily life of the Abbey House like a burst of sudden sunshine on a gloomy plain. The long winter evenings, when there was no company, had been sorely oppressive to Vixen. Out of respect to her mother she had kept her place in the drawing-room, reading, or working at some uninteresting strip of point lace, which she had no hope of ever finishing, though it had been promised to Mr. Scobel for his church. Captain Carmichael read newspapers or the quarterlies, or paced the room thoughtfully at intervals. He talked to his wife just enough to escape the charge of neglect, but rarely spoke to or noticed Violet. Sometimes Mrs. Carmichael asked for a little music, whereupon Violet went to the piano and played her scanty recollections of Mozart or Beethoven—all "tuny" bits, remembered out of the sonatas or concertos Miss M'Croke had taught her; or if asked to sing, the girl sang a ballad or two, to order, in her full round mezzo-soprano, which had a thrilling expression at times, when feeling got the better of her proud reserve, and all the pent-up sorrow of her heart broke loose into her song. But Captain Carmichael took no notice of these efforts, and even her mother's praises were not enthusiastic. "Very sweet, very nice," was the most Vixen ever heard from those maternal lips as she closed the piano.

But here was Lord Mallow, passionately fond of music and singing, and the beauties of nature, and all things that appeal to the sensitive Hibernian character. It seemed a new thing to Violet to have some one standing by the piano, turning over the leaves, applauding rapturously, and entreating for another and yet another Irish melody. When she sang "The Minstrel Boy," he joined in with a rich barytone that harmonized finely with her full ripe notes. The old room vibrated with the strong melody, and even Captain Carmichael was impelled to praise.

"How well your voices harmonize!" he said. "You ought to try some duets. I remember that fine barytone of yours in days of old, Mallow."

Hereupon Lord Mallow asked Miss Tempest if she had any duets, and Vixen produced her small stock of vocal music. They tried one or two of Mendelssohn's—"I would that my Love," and "Greeting"—and discovered that they got on wonderfully well together. Vixen fell asleep that night wondering at her own amiability.

"To think that I should sing sentimental duets with him!" she said to herself. "The man who has Bullfinch."

Lord Mallow's presence at the Abbey House had a marked effect upon Captain Carmichael's treatment of his step-daughter. Hitherto there had been a veiled bitterness in all his speeches, a constrained civility in his manners. Now he was all kindness, all expansion. Even his wife, who admired him always, and thought him the soul of wisdom in all he did, could not be blind to the change, and a new sense of peacefulness stole into her feeble mind. It was so pleasant to see dear Conrad so sweetly kind to Violet.

"What are we going to do with Lord Mallow this morning, Violet?" asked the captain, at breakfast. "We must try to amuse him somehow."

"I don't think I have much to do with it," Vixen answered, coldly. "You will find plenty of amusement, I dare say, in the billiard-room, in the stables, or in showing Lord Mallow your improvements."

"That would do very well for a wet morning, but it would be a profligate waste of fine weather. No; I propose that you should show Mallow some of the prettiest bits in the Forest. I am not half so accomplished a guide as you, but we'll all go. I'll order the horses at once if you like my plan, Mallow," said Captain Carmichael, turning to his friend, and taking Violet's consent for granted.

"I shall be quite too delighted if Miss Tempest will honor us with her company," replied the Irishman, with a pleasant look at Vixen's fresh morning face, rosy-red with vexation.

It was the first time her step-father had ever asked her to ride with him, and she hated doing it. It was the first time she had ever been asked to ride with any one but her father or Roderick Vawdrey. Yet to refuse would have been impossible without absolute discourtesy to her mother's husband and her mother's guest. So she sat in her place and said nothing, and Lord Mallow mistook the angry carnation for the warm red of happy girlhood, which blushes it knows not wherefore.

Captain Carmichael ordered the horses to be at the door in half an hour, and then he took Lord Mallow off to look at the stables while Violet went up stairs to put on her habit. Why was the captain so unusually amiable? she speculated. Was his little soul so mean that he put on better manners to do honor to an Irish peer?

She came tripping down the wide old staircase at the end of the half hour, in habit and hat of Lincoln-green, with a cock's feather in the neat little hat, and a formidable hooked hunting-crop for opening gates, little feet daintily shod in patent-leather, but no spur. She loved her horse too well to run a needle into his sleek side at the slightest provocation.

There were the three horses, held by Bates and Lord Mallow's groom. Bullfinch, looking as if he had just taken a prize at Islington and was inclined to be bumptious about it; Arion, tossing his delicately modelled Greek head, and looking for bogies in the adjacent shrubbery; Captain Carmichael's well-seasoned hunter Mosstrooper, nodding his long bony head, and swaying his fine-drawn neck up and down in a half-savage, half-scornful manner, as if he were at war with society in general, like the Miller of Dee.

Vixen, who had looked the picture of vexation at the breakfast table, was now all gayety. Her hazel eyes sparkled with mischief. Lord Mallow stood in the porch, watching her as she came down the shining oak staircase, glorious in the winter sunlight. He thought her the perfection of a woman—nay, more than a woman, a goddess. Diana, the divine huntress, must have looked so, he fancied. He ran forward to mount her on the fidgety Arion; but honest old Bates was too quick for him, and she was looking down at Lord Mallow graciously from her perch on the well-worn doeskin saddle before he had time to offer his services.

She leaned over to pat Bullfinch's massive crest.

"Dear old horse," she murmured, tenderly, remembering those winter mornings of old when he had stood before the porch as he stood to-day, waiting for the noble rider who was never more to mount him.

"Yet life goes on somehow without our beloved dead," thought Violet.

Her changeful face saddened at the thought, and she rode along the shrubberied drive in silence.

"Where are you going to take us?" asked the captain, when they had emerged from the Abbey House grounds, crossed the coach road, and made their plunge into the first cart track that offered itself.

"Every where," answered Vixen, with a mischievous laugh. "You have chosen me for your guide, and all you have to do is to follow."

And she gave Arion a light touch with her hunting-crop, and cantered gayly down the gently sloping track to a green lawn, which looked, to Captain Carmichael's experienced eye, very much like a quaky bog.

"Steer toward your left," he cried, anxiously, to Lord Mallow.

If there was danger near, Vixen managed to avoid it; she made a sweeping curve, skirted the treacherous-looking lawn, and disappeared in another cart track, between silvery trunks of veteran beeches, self-sown in the dark ages, with here and there a gnarled old oak, rugged and lichen-mantled, with feathery tufts of fern nestling in the hollow places between his gaunt limbs.

That was a ride! Lord Mallow could remember nothing like it, and he was destined to carry this in his memory for a lifetime. The ghostly trees; the silver-shining bark of the beeches, varying with a hundred indescribable shades of green and purple and warmest umber; the rugged gray of the grand old oaks; the lichens and mosses, and mysterious wintry growths of toad-stool and weed and berry; that awful air of unearthliness which pervaded the thicker portions of the wood, as of some mystic under-world—half shadow and half dream. No; Lord Mallow could never forget it, nor yet the way that flying figure in Lincoln-green led them by bog and swamp; over clay and gravel, through as many varieties of soil as if she had been trying to give them a practical lesson in geology; across snaky ditches and pebbly fords; through furze bushes and thickets of holly; through every thing likely to prove aggravating to the temper of a well-bred horse; and finally, before giving them breathing-time, she led them up the clayey side of a hill as steep as a house, on the top of which she drew rein, and commanded them to admire the view.

"This is Acres Down, and there are the Needles," she said, pointing her whip at the dim blue horizon. "If it were a clear day, and your sight were long enough, I dare say you would see Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark. But I think to-day you must be content with the Needles. Can you see them?" she asked Lord Mallow.

"See them!" exclaimed the Irishman. "I can see well enough to thread one of them if I wanted."

"Now you've seen the Isle of Wight," said Vixen. "That's a point accomplished. The ardent desire of every one in the Forest is to see the Isle of Wight. They are continually mounting hills and gazing into space in order to get a glimpse at that chalky little island. It seems the main object of every body's existence."

"They might as well go and live there at once, if they're so fond of it," suggested Lord Mallow.

"Yes; and then they would be straining their eyes in the endeavor to see the Great Horse—that's a group of firs on the top of a hill, and one of our Forest sea-marks. That frantic desire to behold distant objects has always seemed to me to be one of the feeblest tendencies of the human mind. Now you have seen the Needles, we have accomplished a solemn duty, and I may show you our woods."

Vixen shook her rein and trotted recklessly down a slippery path, jumped a broad black puddle, and plunged into the recesses of the wood, Bullfinch and Mosstrooper following meekly.

They went a wonderful round, winding in and out of Bratley Wood, piercing deep into the wintry glories of Mark Ash; through mud and moss and soft pitfalls, where the horses sank up to their hocks in withered leaves, avoiding bogs by a margin of a yard or so; up and down, under spreading branches, where the cattle line but just cleared the heads of the riders; across the blackened bracken; by shining hollies, whose silvery trunks stood up like obelisks out of a thicket of dwarf bushes; through groves, where the tall beech trunks had a solemn look like the columns of some gigantic temple; then into wondrous plantations of Scotch firs, where the air was balmy as in summer, and no breath of the December wind penetrated the dense wall of foliage. Then to higher ground, where the wintry air blew keen again, and where there was a soft green lawn, studded with graceful conifers—cypress, deodora, Douglas fir—tall with a growth of thirty years; the elegant importations of an advanced civilization. Anon by the gray-lichened walls of a deserted garden, which had a strangely romantic look, and was as suggestive of a dreamy idyllic world as a poem by Tennyson; and so down into the green and gray depths of Mark Ash again, but never returning over the same ground; and then up the hill to Vinny Ridge and the Heronry, where Captain Carmichael cracked his whip to scare the herons, and had the satisfaction of scaring his own and the other two horses, while the herons laughed him to scorn from their cradles in the tree-tops, and would not stir a feather for his gratification. Then by a long plantation to a wild stretch of common, where Vixen told her companions that they were safe for a good mile, and set them an example by starting Arion across the short smooth turf at a gallop. They pulled up just in time to escape a small gulf of moss and general sponginess, waded a stream or two, splashed through a good deal of spewy ground, and came to Queen's Bower; thence into the oak plantation of New Park; then across Gretnam Wood; and then at a smart trot along the road toward home.

"I hope I haven't kept you out too long?" said Vixen, politely.

"We've only been five hours," answered the captain, with grim civility; "but if Mallow is not tired, I shall not complain."

"I never enjoyed any thing so much in my life—never," protested Lord Mallow.

"Well, to-morrow we can shoot the pheasant. It will be a rest after this."

"It will be dull work after the enchantments of to-day," said the Irishman.

Captain Carmichael rode homeward a few paces in the rear of the other two, smiling to himself grimly, and humming a little song of Heine's:

> "Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
> Doch bleibt es immer neu."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MORTON COMMANDERY RECEPTION.

There are in the United States, in round numbers, about 70,000 Knights Templar, representing at least 500 encampments. One of the oldest of these bodies is Morton Commandery, No. 4, of this city, whose history is a remarkable one. It was organized in the year 1823, under a charter signed by De Witt Clinton, who was then Grand Master of the State, and was named after General Morton. Among the distinguished men whose names appear on its roll of membership are those of General Lafayette and his son, who were knighted while on a visit to this country in the fall of the year 1824. Two of the members who were present on that occasion, Sir Knights Adolphos Andres and Timpson, are still living. The officers who conferred the degrees were: William F. Piatt, E. C.; Richard Pennell, Generalissimo; Jared L. Moore, Captain-General; W. E. Ross, Prelate; L. Q. C. Bowles, S. W.; Peter Brewer, J. W.; Lebbeus Chapman, Recorder; D. H. Schmidt, Treasurer; Gair Blanchard, Warden; John Coats, Sword-Bearer; H. Padelford, Standard-Bearer; John Gassner, Herald; and John Niles, Sentinel—most of whom became well known in social and political life.

Little did these men dream a half century or more ago that the Commandery they founded would reach the degree of popularity it enjoys to-day. A marked proof of the unbounded favor with which the organization is regarded was shown in the immense crowd that attended the annual reception at Gilmore's Garden on the evening of the 29th ult. It is no exaggeration to say that nearly 15,000 ladies and gentlemen were present. So completely was all the space occupied that dancing until after midnight was scarcely possible.

The building was brilliantly lighted and handsomely decorated. Streamers of tricolored bunting depended from the ceiling, while the silken flags of the Order of Knights of the Red Cross ornamented the pillars. The boxes were draped in tricolored hangings, and flags and banners were displayed from every conceivable point. The ball-room floor proper was surrounded by a low partition, which, while it afforded good seating accommodation, kept the crowd from invading the domain of the dancers, and formed a pleasant promenade extending completely around the building. The cascade was hidden by the musicians' platform, where Gilmore directed the orchestra.

The grand *entrée* took place at a little after ten o'clock, Eminent Commander Sir William F. Costenbader, preceded by the Floor Committee, leading the promenade, and soon afterward the ball began. The scene on the floor was magnificent. The waving plumes and glittering arms of the knights, the brilliant uniforms of the militiamen who were present, and the bright costumes of the ladies made up an ever-varying picture of colors that could hardly be surpassed for beauty. Taken altogether, the reception was a decided success. An illustration of it is given on page 129.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor C. V. Riley, entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, reports that serious complaints have come from the Pacific slope during the year of a new insect that is killing many of the orchard and ornamental trees in that section of the country. Specimens received from Mr. A. W. Saxe, of Santa Clara, California, show it to be a species of *Dorthesia*, an abnormal bark-louse (family *Coccidæ*). It is an Australian insect (apparently *D. characias*, Westw.), and has of late years been introduced on Australian plants into South Africa, where, according to Mr. Roland Trimen, curator of the South African Museum, it has multiplied at a terrible rate, and become such a scourge as to attract the attention of the government. It has evidently been introduced (probably on the blue gum or eucalyptus) to California either direct from Australia or from South Africa, and will doubtless become a great evil, because most introduced insects are brought over without the natural enemies which keep them in check in their native country, and consequently multiply at a prodigious rate. The best remedy is a judicious use of kerosene or linseed-oil.

Some years ago Mr. George W. Tryon, Jun., of Philadelphia, published a Manual of American Marine Conchology, composing one volume, illustrated by forty-four lithographic plates. He has now undertaken a much more extensive work of the same general nature, in the form of a Manual of General Conchology, this to include descriptions and figures of all the known species, to be copiously illustrated. Of this vast undertaking the first part has been published by Mr. Tryon, and embraces thirty-three plates of the *Cephalopoda*, or the family including the cuttle-fishes and squids.

The January number of the *American Journal of Science* contains an interesting communication, by Messrs. G. B. Goode and T. H. Bean, upon fifty kinds of new or rare fishes lately received by the National Museum at Washington from the Atlantic coast of the United States, for the most part gathered by the labors of the United States Fish Commission. This paper is preparatory to a general revision of the whole subject of the American fishes, and indicates the great extent and importance of the work prosecuted within the last few years in this direction.

A great work on geography has been commenced in Paris, under the title of *La Géographie Contemporaine d'après les Voyageurs, les Émigrants, les Colons, les Commerçants*. This will, perhaps, be the largest work of the kind ever attempted, consisting of ten series of from three to five volumes each. There will be from six hundred to eight hundred maps, with many illustrations. The work will be issued in weekly parts, and will probably require three years for its completion. Of course it is probable that by the time the work is finished the earlier numbers will be obsolete.

Mr. C. J. Maynard, of Newtonville, publishes the seventh number of his quarto work on the birds of Florida, changing somewhat its original plan, and now including the water and game birds of Eastern North America. Several plates of the rarer species embellish the volume, among them a number of colored heads of various species of land birds, accompanied by views of the sternum and trachea.

The Bulletins of the Museum of Comparative Zoology continue to be issued with great rapidity. We have recently noticed one containing an account of the zoological results of the apparatus on board the Coast Survey steamer *Blake*; and we now have a very valuable contribution to physical science in the eighth number of the fifth volume, embracing descriptions of the sounding machine, water bottle, and detacher used by Lieutenant-Commander Sigsbee, U. S. N. Commander Sigsbee was charged with this duty during the cruise in the winter of 1877–78, and made a number of very important modifications of the Belknap piano-wire sounding machine, the outgrowth of the original apparatus of Sir William Thomson. The American modifications, however, have but little of the original, excepting the employment of the wire. In its present form there seems to be little left to be desired in the way of efficiency and portability.

The water bottle, intended for collecting samples of the water at any point between the surface and the bottom, also exhibits many improvements on the previous apparatus for the same object.

It is announced that Petermann's *Mittheilungen* will hereafter be edited by Dr. E. Behm, with Dr. Lindeman as assistant editor. Dr. Behm is well known as of the Gotha firm, and especially as having prepared the very valuable annual reports for the *Mittheilungen* on the population of the earth. Dr. Lindeman is the secretary of the Bremen Geographical Society. It is, therefore, to be hoped that the interests of geographical science will be maintained under the new supervision.

Much interest has been excited in Europe by the statement of some American whalers just returned from the Arctic Ocean that the natives informed them that a Russian man-of-war was frozen in near Cape East, presumed to be the vessel of Professor Nordenskjöld, in which he started last summer for the purpose of passing round from Europe to Behring Straits. Whether this be true or not, a relief expedition has been proposed, under the patronage of Mr. Sibiriakoff, which is expected to reach Yokohama, by way of the Suez Canal, in May, and to proceed directly north with the hope of passing through the straits as soon as they are sufficiently open.

Fortunately for them, the Norwegian fishermen have not found the same scarcity of mackerel on their coast in 1878 that prevailed on the coast of North America, the yield having been considerably larger than that for the season of 1877. In the district of Mandal, 310 boats, with a crew of 1106 fishermen, took over 2,300,000 mackerel, as against 1,735,000 in the preceding year.

The use of a paper dome for an astronomical observatory is a novelty in modern architecture, although, according to Professor Greene, of Troy, under whose supervision this has been constructed, it promises to answer a satisfactory purpose. The dome is a hemisphere with an outside diameter of twenty-nine feet. The framework is of pine properly seasoned, and the covering is of paper, such as is used by Messrs. E. Waters & Sons for the construction of paper boats.

The entire weight of the dome and appurtenances, as completed, is about 4000 pounds. It can be easily revolved by a moderate pressure without the aid of machinery.

The sum of 120,000 francs has lately been granted by the French government to the French Central Bureau of Meteorology.

An unusual impetus has been given to scientific matters in Europe by the summaries of progress published in the leading journals during the year 1878.

A curious application of the microphone has been lately made by Professor Palmieri in anticipating the volcanic activity of Mount Vesuvius. Professor De Rossi, in a series of experiments at his observatory in the Albanese Mountains, has found that the present activity of Vesuvius, even at so great a distance, could be distinctly appreciated.

According to the annual report of the Librarian of Congress for the year 1878, the total number of volumes in the library amounts to 352,655, with about 120,000 pamphlets. The additions of the year are represented by 21,537 volumes and 11,689 pamphlets.

As heretofore, the principal sources of supply have been by purchase, by copyright, by deposits from the Smithsonian Institution, and by donation. As in previous years, the Librarian dwells upon the scanty accommodations for books, and the absolute impossibility of arranging them in such order and condition as will best answer the purpose of reference, and he finds it difficult to say what will be done with the increase of the next few years, unless relief is furnished by the construction of a building. Certain basement rooms in the Capitol previously used for storing works of less frequent consultation are now full, and there are not twenty feet of space in the library where shelving can be introduced for the reception of additional volumes.

The failure of Congress to make provision for a new building is due in great part to the difficulty of settling upon a proper site; otherwise it is likely that a new edifice would have been completed before this date. The various places spoken of are Judiciary Square; the site of the present Botanic Garden; some lots to the south of the Capitol, and certain squares to the east of it. The last-mentioned spot would be most convenient for members of Congress, but it is thought probable that the expense of the site would be not less than a million dollars, whereas Judiciary Square is already the property of the government. The proposition of extending the Capitol building for the reception of the library has in a measure been given up, although it is probable that whenever the new building may be prepared at least 50,000 volumes required for constant and immediate reference will be left in the old library.

The eggs of the California salmon presented by the United States Fish Commission to the Society of Acclimatation of Paris have been divided among several hatching establishments, partly belonging to members of the society and partly to public establishments, among which is the laboratory of the College of France. A large portion of these eggs has been turned over to the Administration des Ponts et des Chaussées, which is specially occupied in measures looking toward the restocking of the depleted waters of France. They have been placed in the aquarium of the Trocadéro, under the special charge of M. Pierre Carbonnier, the director of the aquarium, and a very distinguished fish-culturist. It had not been decided by the society at the latest advices where the young would be introduced, though it is probable they will be divided among the waters of the Hérault, Rhone, and Yonne.

Petermann's *Mittheilungen* for December contains a very interesting and elaborate report upon the subject of chartography at the Paris Exhibition, which may be considered as representing the present state of our knowledge on the subject.

A new number of the Quarterly Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club is commenced with January, 1879, and, like its predecessors, contains many articles of great interest in respect to geographical distribution and faunal lists of species, notices of albinism, melanism, the first plumages of American birds, etc.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A stranger from the country making a tour through Fulton and Washington markets at this season would be astonished not only at the inconvenient old buildings, and the often untidy aspect of the interiors, but at the immense quantity of meat displayed, and the variety of fruits and vegetables exposed for sale in midwinter. Probably no other markets in the world exhibit such a variety of rarities out of their season. Early vegetables come to the New York market from all parts of the country, and, as luxuries, command a fancy price. Many of these come from the South, but some of the very first arrivals are from the North. Fresh rhubarb, large, tender, and white, comes as early as January from a farm near Quebec; in March it is sent from Long Island. All through the winter cucumbers come from Boston; but not many people can afford to eat Boston cucumbers in January, for they cost at wholesale six dollars a dozen. They are also sent to our market from other places, but these are inferior in quality, and do not command so high a price. Boston lettuce is crisp and white, and the best radishes come from the same city. Among other vegetables which are seen in our market in winter or early spring, far in advance of their season, are tomatoes from Nassau and Bermuda; onions, potatoes, and beets from Bermuda; asparagus from South Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, and, later in the season, from Long Island; peas, in January and February, from New Orleans and from Florida, while in April they come from Maryland; string-beans from Florida; turnips from Charleston; and Baltimore spinach is always in the market. The largest supply of cauliflower during the winter comes from Long Island; but about the first of February it is sent from France, as also are artichokes. These luxuries and many others in the vegetable line are almost always obtainable in New York by those who seek novelties for their table, and have money enough to pay for them. And the same is true of many kinds of fruits. For example, strawberries were on sale in this city several weeks ago, but the majority of our citizens contented themselves with looking at them.

The Belfast (Maine) *Journal* gives an interesting account of smelt-fishing on the coast of Maine. For about two months in midwinter the smelt visit the rivers near the coast and are readily caught by hook. The fishermen erect little canvas tents on the ice, cut a hole, drop the line, and patiently wait for a bite. Cold, stormy days are those which bring most success in smelt-fishing.

Not long ago a party of merchants and manufacturers sailed from New Orleans to Mexico for the purpose of opening a wider market for goods in the manufacture and sale of which they are interested. We are a nation of producers, and consumers are wanted. Mexico offers special attractions, as she is in a measure dependent on us, from various circumstances, for supplies to meet her growing civilization, and is prepared to welcome an enterprise which places our products within her reach.

After the Communal insurrection of 1871 in France, a large number of insurgents were condemned to death, imprisonment, or transportation. Several thousand were sent to New Caledonia for life. Three thousand pardons have been granted within the past three years, and in addition President M'Mahon has recently released 1800 more.

There have been some great snow-storms in Connecticut, of which mention is made in the Hartford *Evening Post*: "On December 26, 1873, the snow fell twenty-two inches deep on a level in Hartford; also on January 19, 1857, twenty-four inches deep. On January 15, 16, and 17, 1816, a terrible storm occurred, the snow falling four feet deep on a level in Hartford. The winter of 1741–42 was famous throughout New England for deep snow and intense cold weather, the first heavy snow falling on the 18th of November, giving sleighing which lasted until the 20th of April. In February, 1717, occurred the greatest snow-storm ever known in this section, the snow falling ten feet deep on a level."

A perilous and chilling adventure was that undertaken by Captain Paul Boyton and a companion one night a week or two ago. Captain Boyton having invented an improvement to his famous life-saving suit, proposed to test its practical utility by a midnight swim from the Battery to Staten Island. The adventurers started about eleven o'clock at night, taking in tow a little boat about three feet long, which contained a compass, barometer, a few sky-rockets, a large reflecting light, and some refreshments. When near Governor's Island they came in contact with large fields of ice, from which they encountered much difficulty; and the wreck of the tiny boat, which was crushed between two cakes of ice, increased their trouble. The ice made it almost impossible to land at Staten Island, but the task was accomplished at length, about six o'clock in the morning.

A very singular accident occurred not long ago on the express train from New York to Baltimore. A young gentleman of Princeton College, with two companions, was on the way to Wilmington. While attempting to pass from one car to another while the train was in motion, he was actually blown from the platform by a heavy gust of wind, and killed. There is always a certain risk in passing from car to car while the train is running, and this sad accident is a warning to travellers.

On the coast of Florida, thirty miles from land—so an exchange informs us—there is a light-house, the keeper of which is a young man who sought the place for opportunity to pursue his studies. But he is evidently getting lonesome. In a letter to the department, after enumerating his various wants—needles, thread, stationery, etc.—he concludes with the suggestion that perhaps the department could furnish him a wife. We are not informed whether the required article has been shipped to him.

The youngest child of the Russian Czarowitz has had a hard time in undergoing the ceremony of baptism after the fashion of his native land. The account given of the performance of this rite shows how much discomfort the baby endured. The Czar bore him to the font, where his little Highness was taken out of all his clothes and plunged into the water, head first, three times. The priest closed his eyes and nose with his fingers, but the "august new-born," as he is styled in large capitals in the programme for the day, screamed like any ordinary baby. He was then given to the godmother, wrapped up in blankets, and he dozed quietly while a prayer was said. He was only left in peace for a few moments. The priest anointed his ears, eyes, mouth, hands, and feet with holy oil, that none of those members should do any harm in life. When the little fellow had recovered from this interruption and just begun to quiet down, he was again disturbed and all his hair cut off.

It is a noteworthy fact that any dishonesty which occurs in the Post-office Department is almost certain not to remain long undetected. A letter-carrier who for two months has been stealing letters and taking money from them was detected the other night and arrested. He has gained very little, and has lost his good name, becomes a felon, and consigns his family to suffering. Stealing letters is a dangerous experiment.

For nearly thirty-two years Sir William Jenner has filled the chair of "morbid anatomy" in University College, London, with remarkable success. The demands upon his time by his appointments and by public duties have compelled his resignation.

An organization has been formed in this city for a most humane purpose, which is indicated by its name—The New York Volunteer Life-saving Society. The construction of a station has been authorized at Pier No. 8, East River.

The New-York State Soldiers' and Sailors' Home was formally opened at Bath on January 28. The corner-stone of this institution was laid on June 13, 1877, by the Grand Army of the Republic, which afterward transferred the Home to the State.

The origin of the plague which is ravaging Russia is traced to Cossack regiments, who probably brought the germs of the disease in their clothes on returning from the war in Turkey. On its first appearance the disease was supposed to be a malignant form of typhus, and was neglected until it had spread from the country of the Cossacks to Astrakhan, and thence toward Moscow. Among the measures of precaution recommended by the International Sanitary Commission, which recently met at Vienna, are the sending of experienced physicians to the infected districts of Russia to study the features of the disease, and the prohibition of importation of all merchandise from the infected localities, and of certain articles from all parts of Russia. The strict quarantine that has been enforced has already tended to check the course of this pestilence.

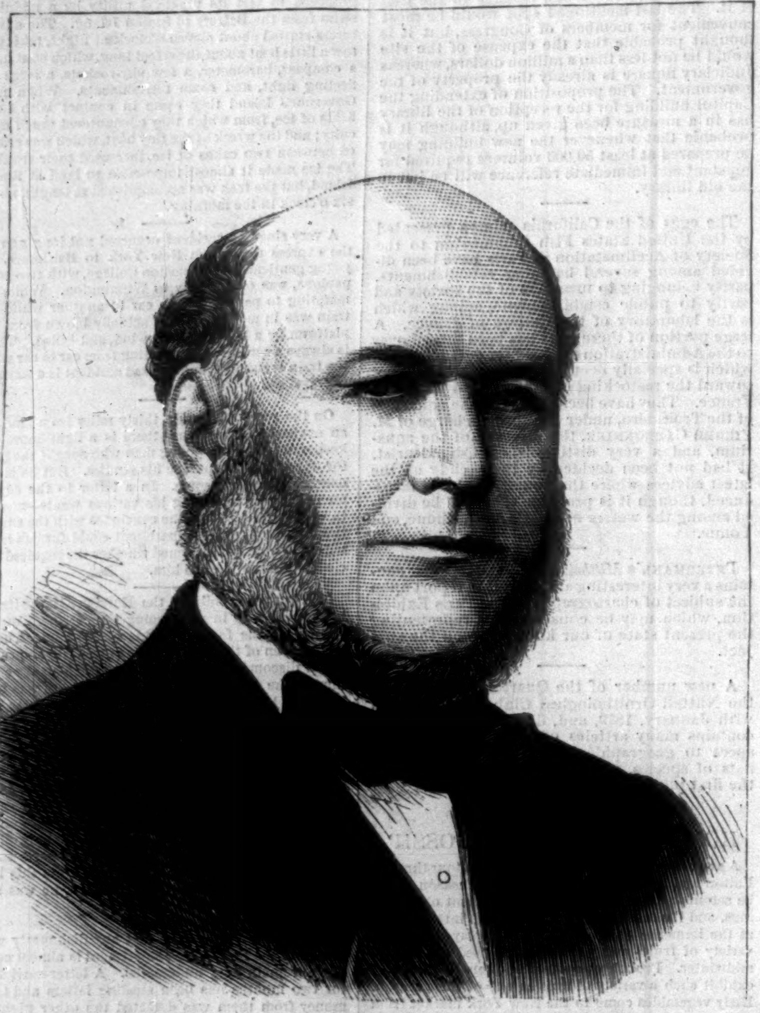
Now is the time to eat oranges, when they are so fresh and abundant. They are especially recommended to be eaten before breakfast, as a corrective to biliousness and dyspepsia.

Queen Victoria, in a letter to her subjects, has gratefully expressed her appreciation of the sympathy shown in her recent bereavements.

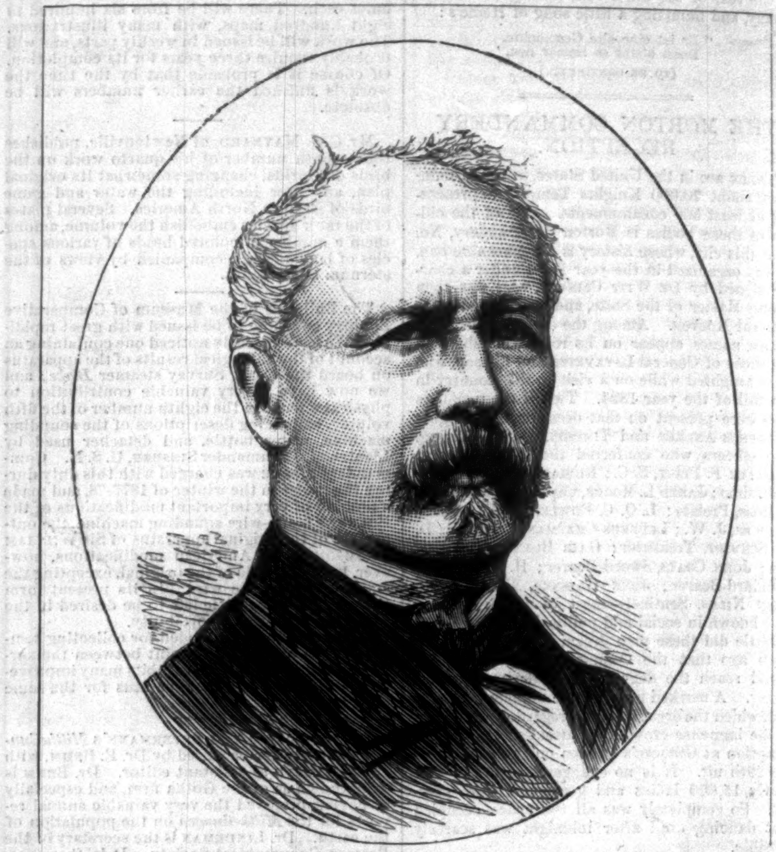
It is related of Bishop Simpson that when about to begin a lecture before the Yale theological students not long ago he was seen to be searching for something. "Young gentlemen," he said at length, "I find myself in the position of the preacher who was informed by a lady that thirdly had flown out of the window." A part of his manuscript was missing; and while Professor Fisher went away to search for it, the bishop entertained his audience with half an hour's talk on President Lincoln. Then the manuscript appeared, and the lecture began.

A new winter amusement has been inaugurated in Washington, which will afford much pleasure to those who spend the season at the capital. A skating rink has been constructed, the foundation for the ice being asphalt of the best quality, and affording a surface of nearly 18,000 square feet for the performers on roller-skates. This graceful and healthful exercise is greatly enjoyed by the ladies and gentlemen of Washington.

A journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem now occupies about ten hours on horseback. Merchandise is carried on mules or camels. But it will not be long, probably, before one can go from Jaffa to Jerusalem by rail. Several years ago a French company obtained the right to construct a railroad between the two cities, and recently engineers have made the final survey, with a view to breaking ground immediately. The present roads are wretched; and as many strangers, including Eastern pilgrims, annually visit Jerusalem, it is probable that a railway would be well patronized.



M. JULES GRÉVY, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.



MARSHAL M'MAHON, THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

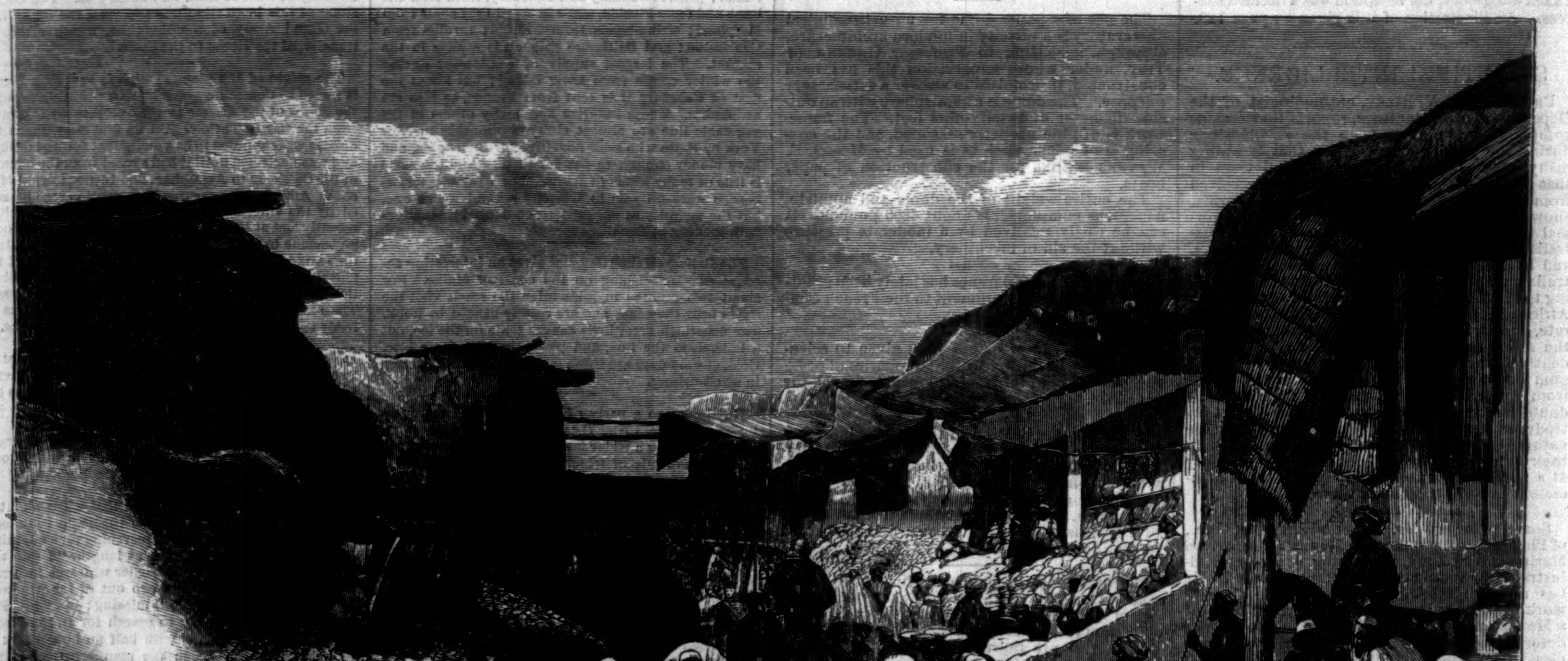
THE steady growth of republican ideas and habits of action among the French people is strikingly illustrated by the recent changes in the government of that country. Marshal M'MAHON resigns, and M. JULES GRÉVY, a Republican of the most pronounced character, succeeds him, with no more popular excitement than attends the inauguration of a new President at Washington. The change is undoubtedly for the better. The sturdy and stubborn old marshal has little sympathy with republican ideas and forms of government; and while there has never been a doubt as to his honesty of purpose, or his fidelity to his oath of office, it has been long apparent that his *régime* was injurious to the highest interests of France. The new President is, on the contrary, in full accord with republican ideas. During his long public career, extending through half a century, he has always been the steady advocate of popular government, and since the death of THIERS he has been regarded as the natural leader of the Republican party in France.

FRANÇOIS PAUL JULES GRÉVY was born at Mont-sous-Vaudrez, in the Department of the Jura, on the 15th of August, 1813. He was educated at the College of Poligny, and studied law in Paris. His parents—well-to-do people engaged in agriculture—had brought him up strictly, and when he left his mountain home to begin his college course his character was already well formed. His comrades called him austere. He pursued his studies with laborious effort, and graduated with honors. Scarcely was his course in the law school finished when the Revolution of 1830 broke out, and young GRÉVY took an active part in it. With the return of peace he resumed his law practice, and gained great distinction by defending persons who were prosecuted for political offenses.

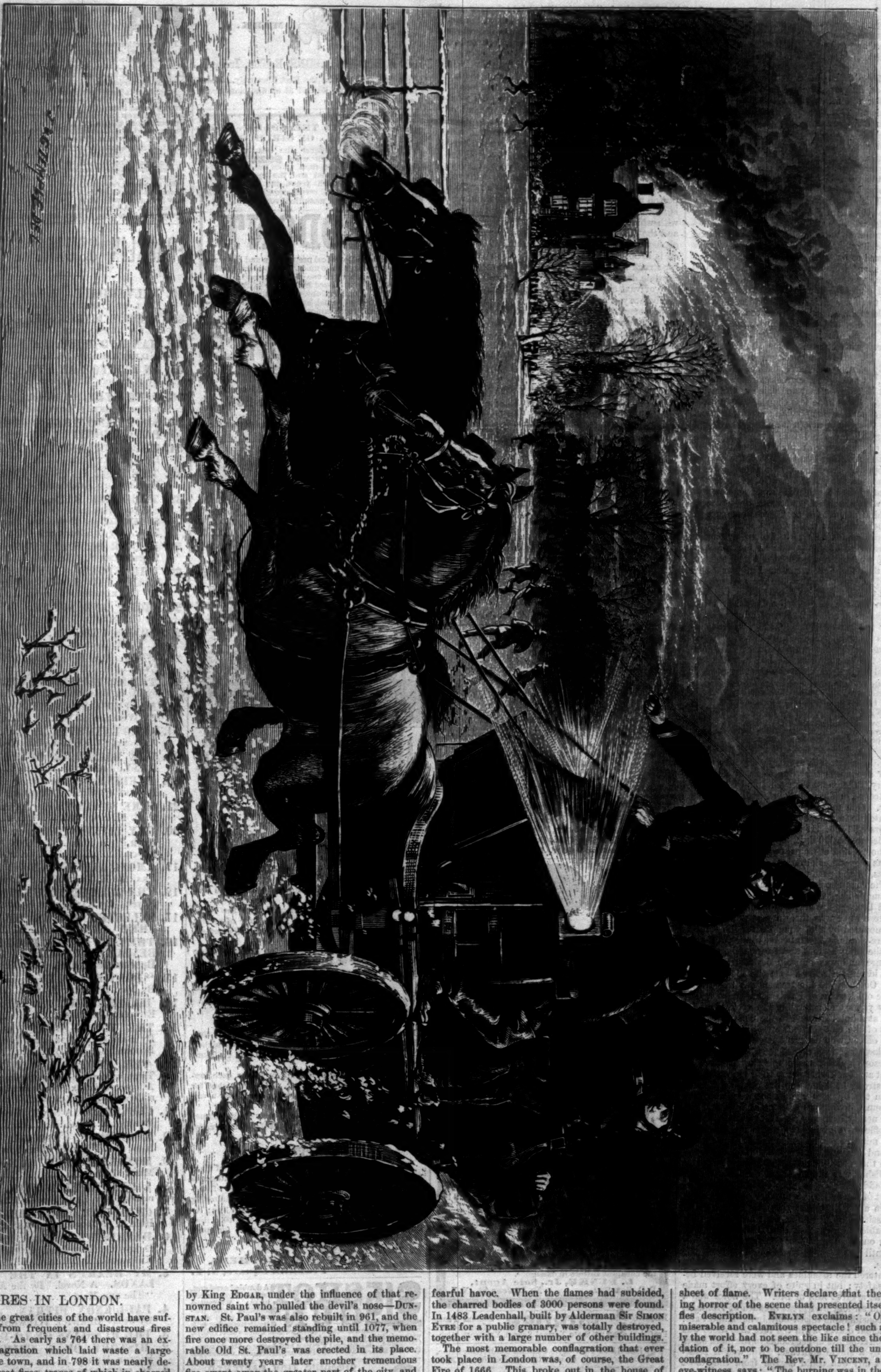
The revolution of 1848 again called him into public life. He was elected to the National Assembly from his native district. Taking a seat with the new party, he voted with it for the abolition of capital punishment and for the banishment of the ORLEANS family. He also proposed an amendment to the Constitution providing for the removal of the Executive at the will of the National Assembly, but the measure was not carried. It was especially aimed at General CAVAIGNAC and LOUIS NAPOLEON, both of whom he suspected of ambitious designs against the Republic. In his speech supporting the amendment he forshadowed with remarkable correctness the events of 1851. When the *coup d'état* occurred, M. GRÉVY left the political arena once more, and did not reappear in public life until 1868, when the Jura sent him to the Corps Législatif.

In 1871 he was for the third time elected to the Assembly, and soon after the opening of the session he was chosen President by an almost unanimous vote. Two years later he resigned this office, and since that time has kept quietly in the background of politics, until his recent elevation to the Presidency of the Republic.

M. GRÉVY enjoys the reputation of being a safe, impartial, and moderate man, endowed with great courage and firmness. He never acquiesced in the extreme measures sometimes advocated by his party, and always opposed the schemes introduced into the Assembly by the Socialists.



SCENE IN CABOOL—MAIN STREET IN THE BAZAR IN THE FRUIT SEASON.—[SEE PAGE 127.]



A FIRE IN THE SUBURBS OF LONDON.

FIRES IN LONDON.

None of the great cities of the world have suffered more from frequent and disastrous fires than London. As early as 764 there was an extensive conflagration which laid waste a large portion of the town, and in 798 it was nearly destroyed by great fires, traces of which in charred wood and other remains, lying above the Roman relics, are frequently met with in excavations. In the latter part of the tenth century the Abbey of Westminster was burned by the Danes, as was also St. Paul's Cathedral. The abbey was rebuilt by King **Edgar**, under the influence of that renowned saint who pulled the devil's nose—**Dunstan**. St. Paul's was also rebuilt in 961, and the new edifice remained standing until 1077, when fire once more destroyed the pile, and the memorable Old St. Paul's was erected in its place. About twenty years later another tremendous fire swept away the greater part of the city, and the inhabitants, terrified by these frequent conflagrations, withdrew for the most part beyond the city walls, outside Ludgate, and built houses on the banks of the Fleet. In 1212 a fire broke out in Southwark, crossed the river, and made fearful havoc. When the flames had subsided, the charred bodies of 3000 persons were found. In 1483 Leadenhall, built by Alderman Sir **Simon Eyre** for a public granary, was totally destroyed, together with a large number of other buildings.

The most memorable conflagration that ever took place in London was, of course, the Great Fire of 1666. This broke out in the house of the king's baker, **Farryner**, in Pudding Lane, near Fish Street Hill. Fanned by a strong easterly wind, the flames spread, and for four days and nights raged without intermission. At one time 10,000 houses were wrapped in a single sheet of flame. Writers declare that the amazing horror of the scene that presented itself baffles description. **Evelyn** exclaims: "Oh! the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration." The Rev. Mr. **Vincent**, also an eye-witness, says: "The burning was in the fashion of a bow, which had God's arrow in it with a flaming point." Mr. **George Emerson** tells us: "The lurid cloud was estimated to be fifty miles long. We have read that the glare in the sky was perceptible from the Cheviot Hills in Scotland, but hesitate to accept the statement. It must have been a wondrous spectacle. Steeples, towers, mansions, all in flames; walls tottering and falling, and bright tongues of flame leaping up from the shattered roofs. Amid the general ruins the tower of St. Paul's was a pinnacle of flame, and the walls of the Guildhall stood literally red-hot, like a 'palace of gold or burnished brass.' For ten miles round the place was as light as day. The terror-stricken citizens, rendered thus suddenly homeless and outcasts, fled to the fields, bearing what they could of their most valuable household goods. At Islington and Hampstead, and St. George's Fields and Lambeth, they crouched on the bare ground, and watched the ceaseless flame and clouds of fire hanging over the devoted city." The misery and tribulation of these poor creatures can scarcely be estimated at the present day. The country districts furnished provisions, and by royal proclamation markets were established, to which food was to be brought. All churches and chapels were ordered to be open to receive such goods as had been saved from the flames; and the authorities of county towns were called upon to "assist distressed persons, sufferers by the fire, and allow them to follow their manual trades." When the terrible conflagration finally ceased, five-sixths of the great city had been swept away. There were 436 acres of ruins, and only 75 acres left still covered with houses. Thus 400 streets, 89 churches, 13,200 dwelling-houses, 4 city gates, and nearly all the old conventual edifices were destroyed. Once more the great cathedral was in ruins. It is believed that the value of the property destroyed was little less than $50,000,000.

This terrible disaster appalled the entire nation. The more thoughtful saw in it an imperative and awful warning for the future against the construction of tenements of such frail material as those whose smoking ruins strewed the site of the metropolis. Architects, who thought most of their art, saw the possibility of erecting on the now vacant ground a splendid city of regular proportions, with wide straight streets, open places, and magnificent buildings. Timid persons and fanatics believed that the devastating flame was a messenger of Divine wrath, not so much for the general sins of the people as for the special sin of gluttony, and pointed out with solemn puerility that the fire began at Pudding Lane and ended at Pye Corner, where for many years afterward the figure of a fat boy stood with this inscription on the stomach: "This boy is in memory put up for the late fire of London, occasioned by the sin of gluttony, 1666." This absurdity is almost paralleled, however, by two stanzas indited by the great Dryden, which account for the cessation of the fire in a manner that would be ludicrous if it were not irreverent:

> "At length the Almighty cast a pitying eye,
> And mercy softly touched His melting breast,
> He saw the town one-half in rubbish lie,
> And eager flames give on to storm the rest.
>
> "An hollow chrystal pyramid He takes,
> In firmamental waters dipped above;
> Of it a brode extinguisher He makes,
> And hoods the flames that to their quarry strove."

During the eighteenth century many great fires destroyed at various times portions of London. In January, 1714, more than one hundred houses were destroyed in Thames Street, and many lives were lost. One memorable conflagration broke out at Ratcliffe in July, 1794, and almost revived the horrors of 1666. It raged for two days, and entirely destroyed 630 dwellings, a large East India warehouse, and other property of great value. There was a grand celebration, attended with fatal results, in the parks of London, on the occasion of the commemoration of the peace of 1814. In St. James's Park Chinese lanterns adorned the Mall and Bird-cage Walk, and a bridge built in the Chinese style was thrown across the canal, and surmounted by a lofty pagoda for the exhibition of fire-works. About twelve o'clock at night, just as the fun was fast and furious, the pagoda caught fire and was entirely destroyed, several persons losing their lives. On the night of the 16th of October, 1834, a tremendous fire swept away the old Houses of Parliament.

A few years ago a terrible fire took place in London at a hotel situated in the most fashionable part of the city. The fire was discovered by a police officer, who observed smoke issuing from the windows on one corner of the first floor. Several persons quickly made their appearance at the front and back windows in their night clothes. Such a strong hold had the fire obtained that in less than ten minutes the flames were shooting forth from the windows with great fury, and extending nearly half way across the street. The police officer on giving the alarm had the presence of mind to send messengers for the fire-escapes and engines, consequently they appeared early on the scene. The first object sought to be accomplished was the rescue of the inmates, but before ladders or the escapes could be placed in the front of the building a number of persons got out upon a small balcony over the doorway, and being assisted by the police and neighbors, they were enabled to effect their escape in safety. The persons on the upper floors were obliged to remain until the escapes could be placed to their windows. As soon as that was done, several of them entered the machines and were received below in safety; but in spite of every effort made there was a great loss of life. The hotel was a cruciform structure of great breadth of frontage, and of considerable depth both in flank and base. Its principal defect lay in the fact that there was no escape from the upper rooms to the main doors except by a single staircase. Nor was it possible that any one could escape from the midst of the flames, should the usual communication by staircase be cut off, except through a door leading to the roof. Unfortunately this was precisely what happened, and was undoubtedly the cause of so many persons losing their lives. Several hair-breadth escapes were experienced by parties on the premises. Two ladies were saved by rushing from the building in their night dresses, and making their escape from the balcony of the hotel on the shoulders of the populace; two others were rescued by the fire-escape, while one or two more escaped by the roof.

Of late there has been so much attention paid in all great cities to the subject of extinguishing fires that the destruction of property and loss of life from this cause do not compare with what they were formerly. The Fire Department of London is so carefully organized and supplied with such immense facilities for struggling with this fearful element that wonders are achieved in the way of controlling it. It is, however, the same in all great cities in our own country as well as in Europe. As Mr. Little says, in his volume addressed to our American firemen: "To a person not a resident of the larger cities, and who is unused to witness the promptitude and alacrity with which the city firemen muster at an alarm, and the facility with which they conquer the fiery element, the speedy manner in which it is effected is little less than miraculous. You are horror-struck at viewing erections of the most combustible description exposed to the combined action of vast sheets of flame and a raging wind; and before you have time to reflect on the amount of property likely to be destroyed, the exposure to be endured, and the lives placed in jeopardy, behold! the destructive element is conquered, its crimson tongues which hissed defiance are silenced, and the languid struggles of the palsied flames exhibit the impotence of the dying gladiator."

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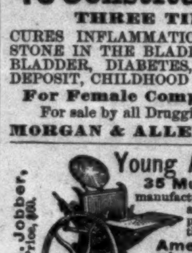
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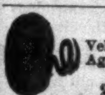

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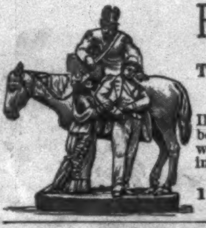

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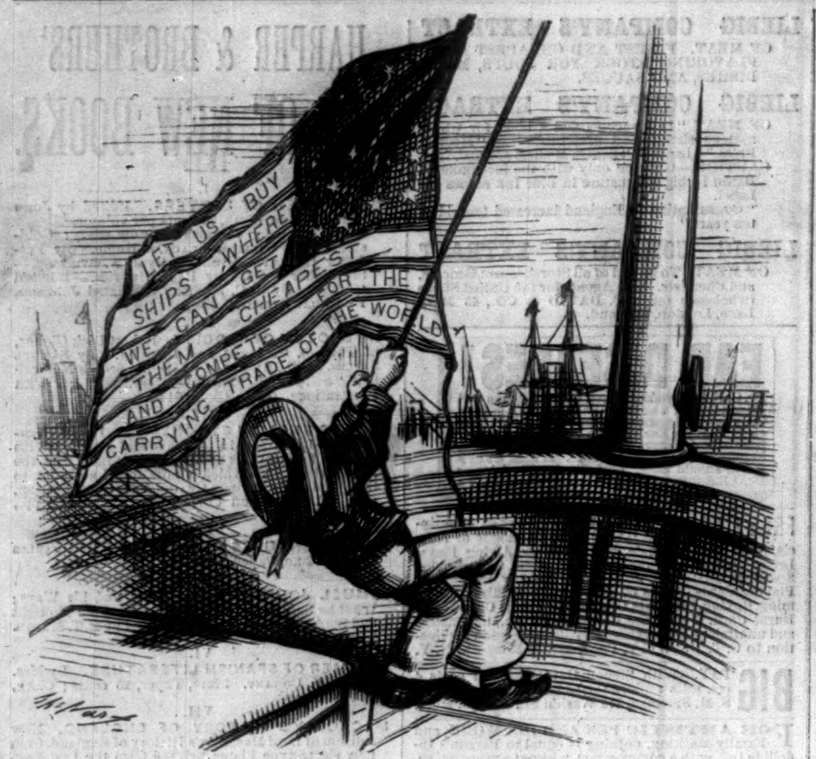
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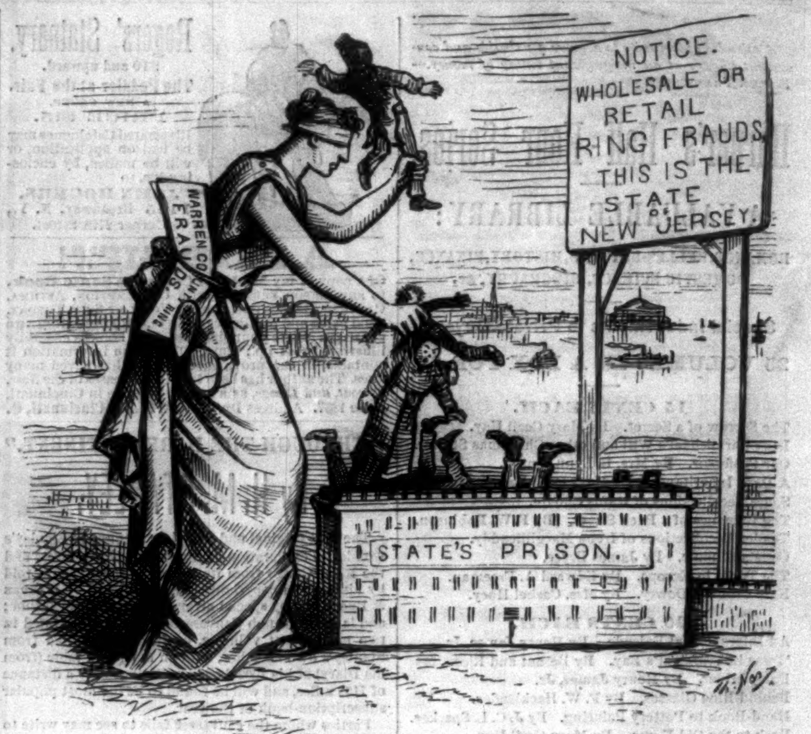
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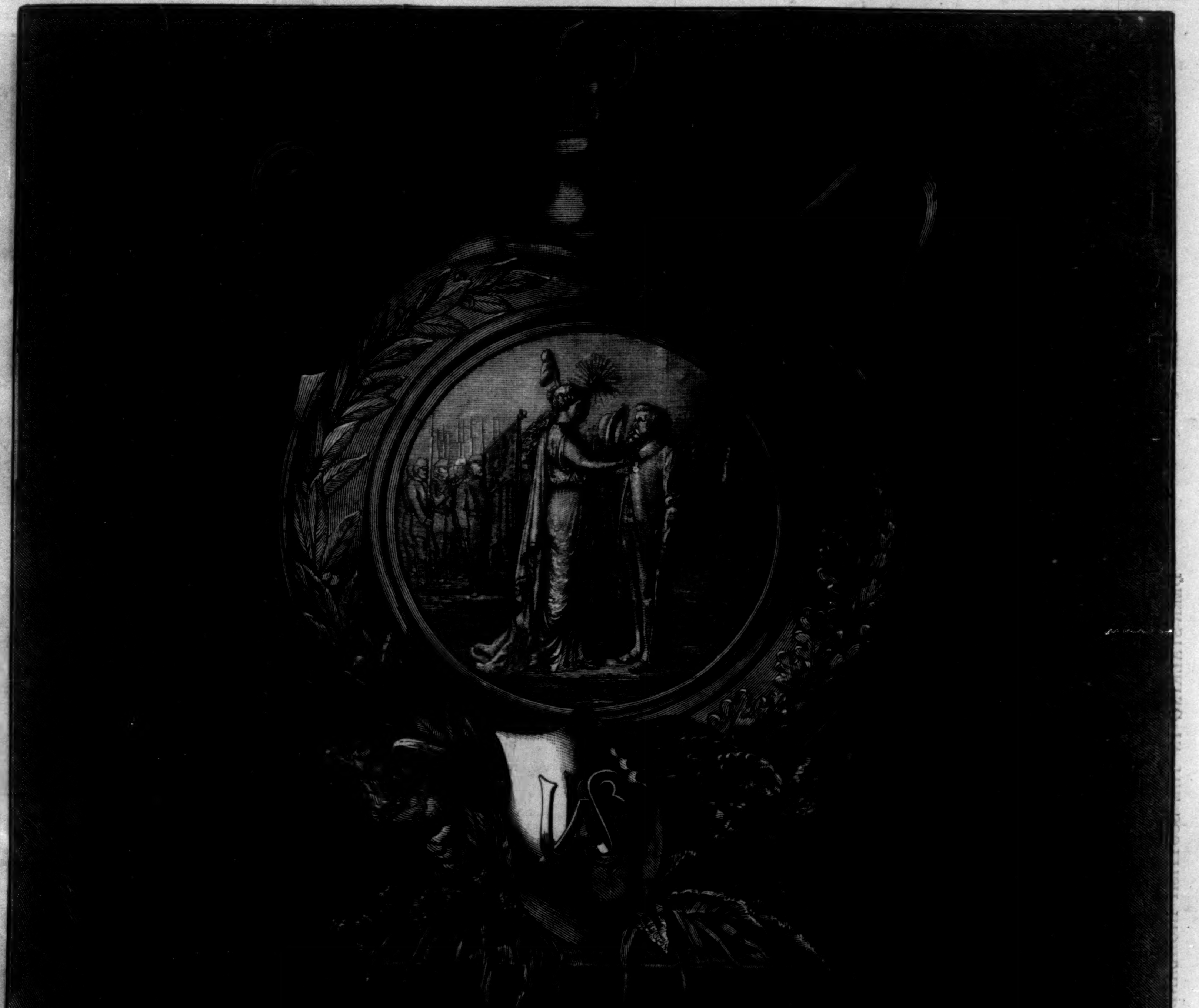

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THE above engraving is made from the "Army Cup," recently presented to Mr. THOMAS NAST by his grateful friends in the army and navy of the United States. The form of the cup is derived from the army canteen, conventionalized into symmetrical proportions. Circling the round body is a wreath formed of laurel and oak, for victory and strength. The ordinary tape band, familiar to so many hundred thousand American soldiers, is drawn up at either side, forming loops which serve as handles, and the canteen form rests upon the backs of two superbly sculptured eagles, under whose talons are bunches of the rugged pine and tropical palmetto.

These devices are exquisitely finished, and tinted with a delicate shade of gold, which imparts a mellow and peculiarly agreeable glow to the silver surface, and contrasts well with the silver base on which they rest, and which is brightly burnished.

The principal interest, however, both artistically and otherwise, centres in the splendid *repoussé* picture representing THOMAS NAST receiving a decoration from the hands of the Goddess of Liberty in the presence of the army of the United States. The details of this design are beautifully carried out, the perspective showing the long line of troops and distant glistening bayonets, while in the foreground stand the star-crowned goddess and the artist whom the army has honored.

The cup bears on the reverse side the following inscription:

PRESENTED TO THOMAS NAST

by his friends in the Army and Navy of the United States, in recognition of the patriotic use he has made of his rare abilities as the artist of the people.

The gift of three thousand five hundred officers and enlisted men of the Army and Navy of the United States.

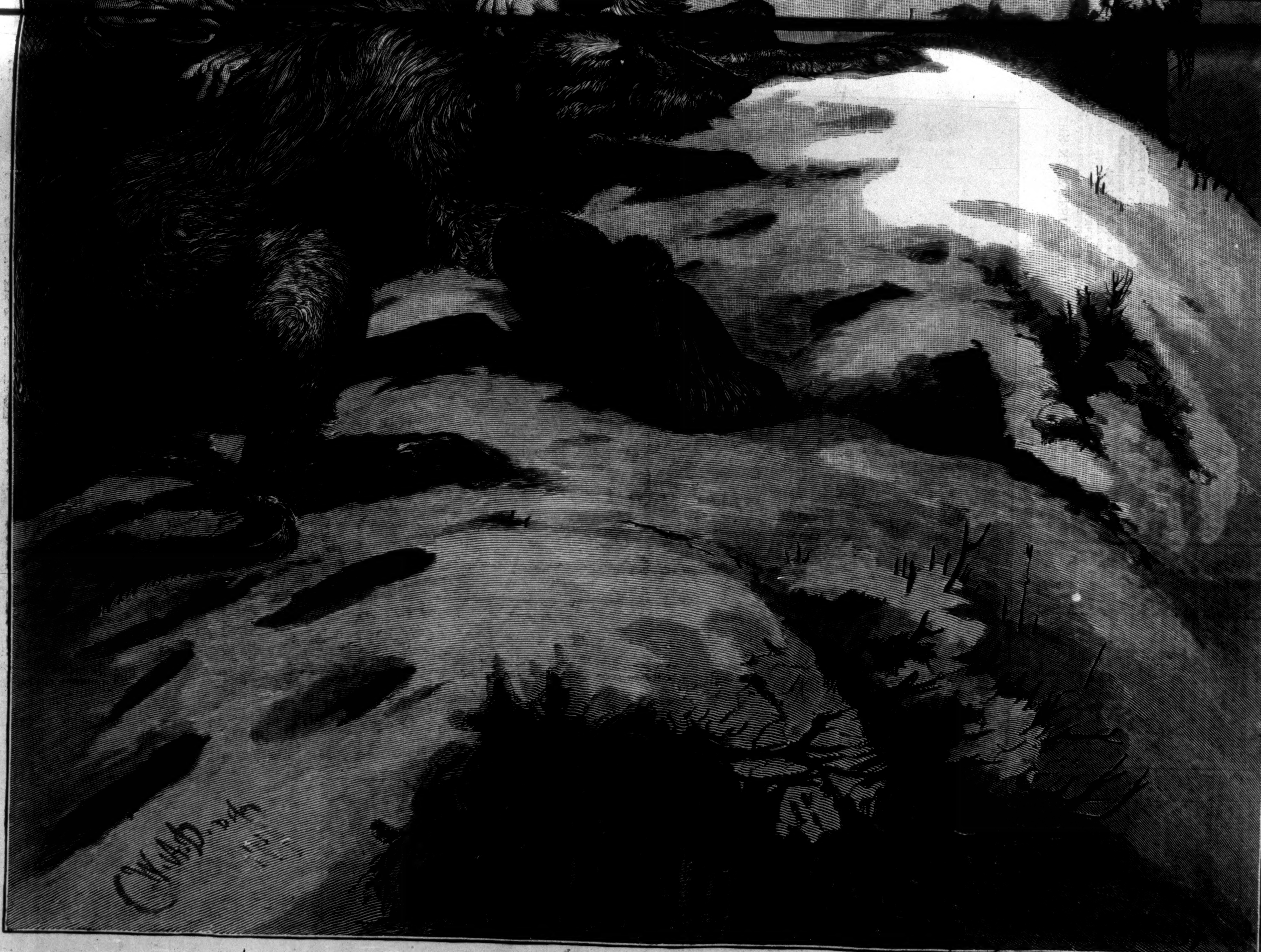
The *repoussé* picture is slightly oxidized, which gives relief to the drawing and subdues the tone. The entire work is composed of sterling silver, and, including the silver base, it is six inches high, and rests upon an ebony pedestal eight inches high. The "Army Cup" was made by Messrs. TIFFANY & Co. It is a creditable production, quite worthy of the American silversmiths who at Paris have just received recognition as the foremost metal-workers in the world.

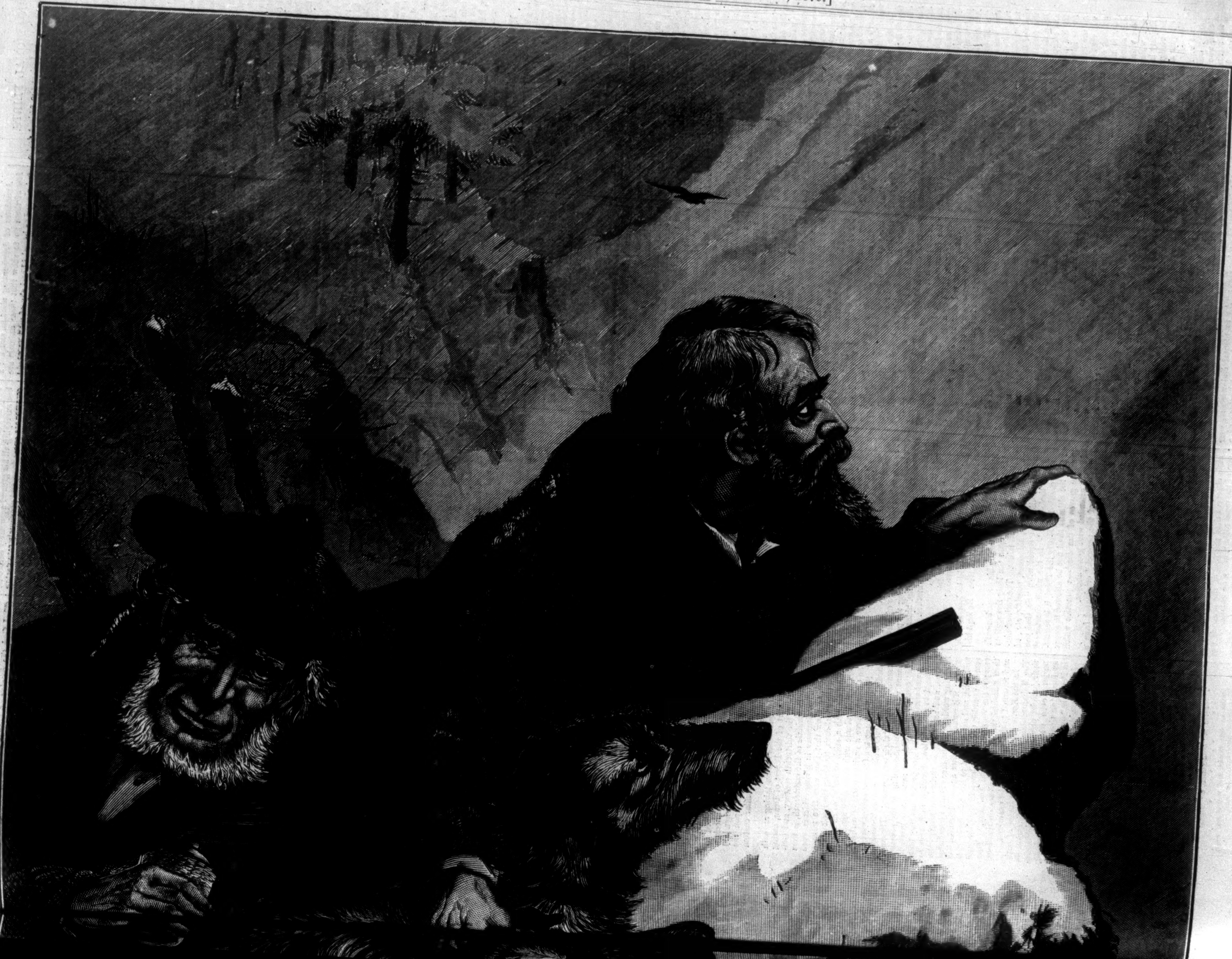
A ROMANCE SPOILED.

A HIGHLY effective ghost story connected with the execution of the unfortunate Major André has been for many years familiar to English readers, and has often been repeated upon what appeared to be exceedingly good authority. The story goes that at the time of André's execution in America a young lady in England, to whom he was engaged, was sitting at the piano, when she suddenly screamed out and fell back in a swoon. On her recovery she explained that the major had appeared to her hanging from a gibbet. Her friends attempted to comfort her by explaining that there could be no truth in her vision, because, as her lover was an English officer, he would be shot, and not hanged, if his life were taken at all. When the news actually arrived, it was found that the execution had taken place at the very time the young lady swooned, and exactly as she had seen it in her vision.

It is a pity that so good a story should be spoiled by prosaic facts. A writer in *Notes and Queries* says: "About a couple of years ago I wished to make use of this story, and therefore inquired of the friend from whom I had first heard it for such authentication as he could obtain. He took some pains in the matter, and the result was that the story entirely failed. André was attached, but not engaged, to the beautiful and accomplished Honora Sneyd, who afterward became the wife of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of Maria Edgeworth, and died of consumption on April 30, 1780, five months and two days before the execution of André. Further, it was discovered that the representatives of André's family utterly deny the truth of the story, and treat it as a fabrication. Anna Seward, who wrote the 'Monody on the Death of Major André,' was a bosom-friend of Honora Sneyd."

No doubt a great many "authentic" ghost stories, which have passed unchallenged into the literature of the marvellous and the supernatural, would share the fate of this one if careful inquiry were made into their origin and history. This, of course, is not always an easy task to accomplish. Such stories generally have a long run as oral traditions before any one feels an interest in tracing them out; and the longer they pass unchallenged, the more difficult it becomes to disprove them.



DEER-STALKING IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.—[See Page 140.]